

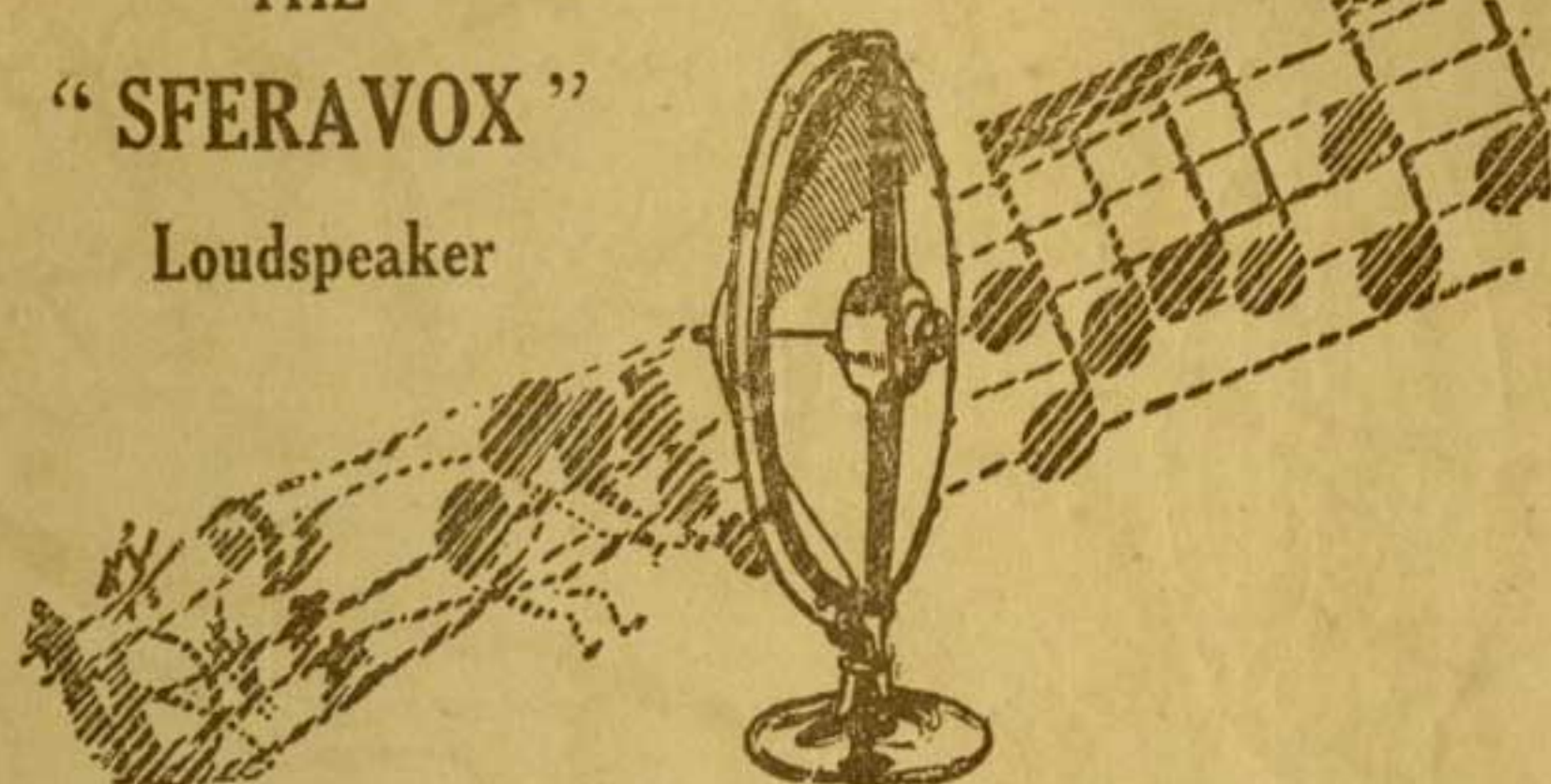


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No. 3

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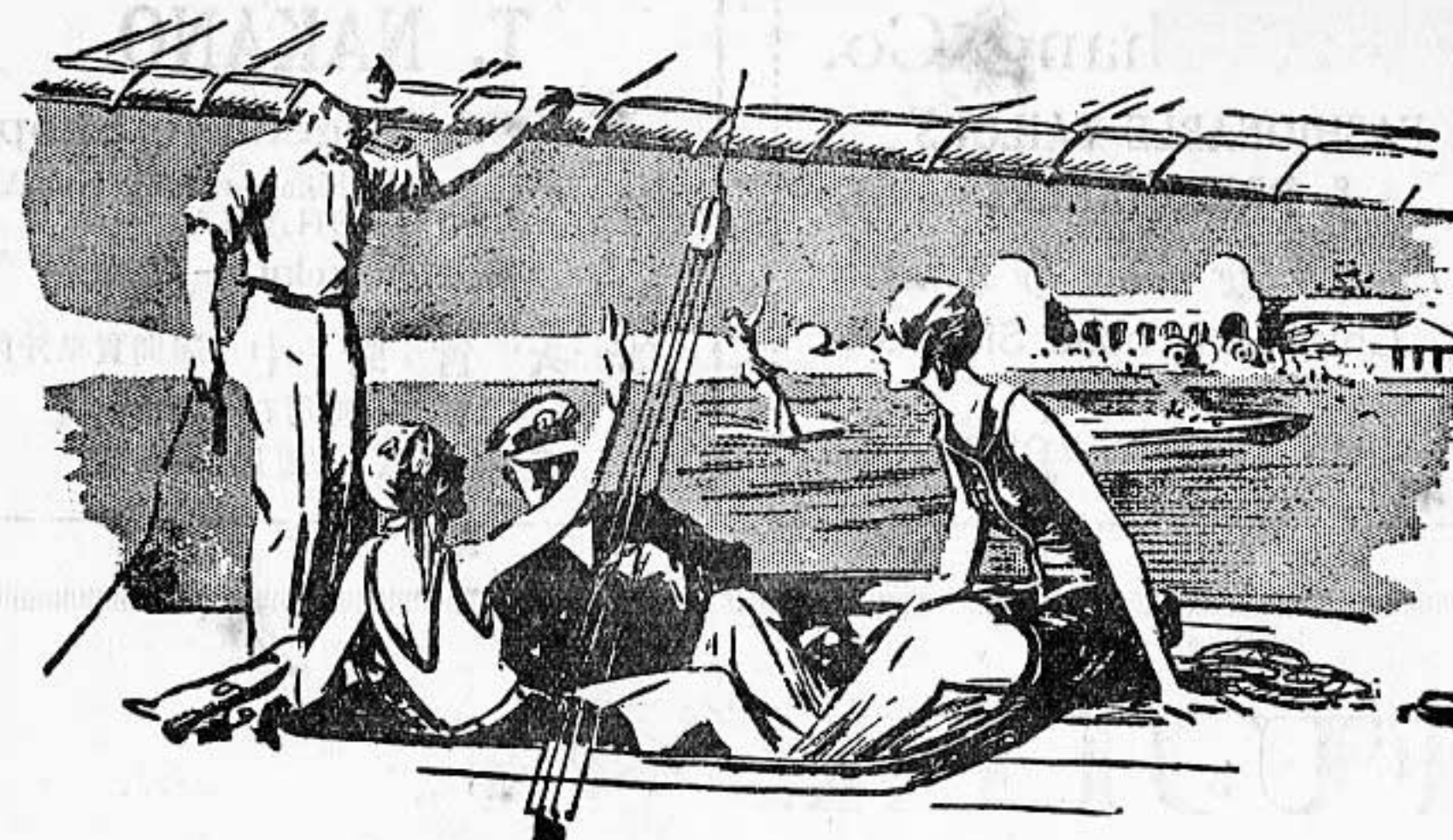
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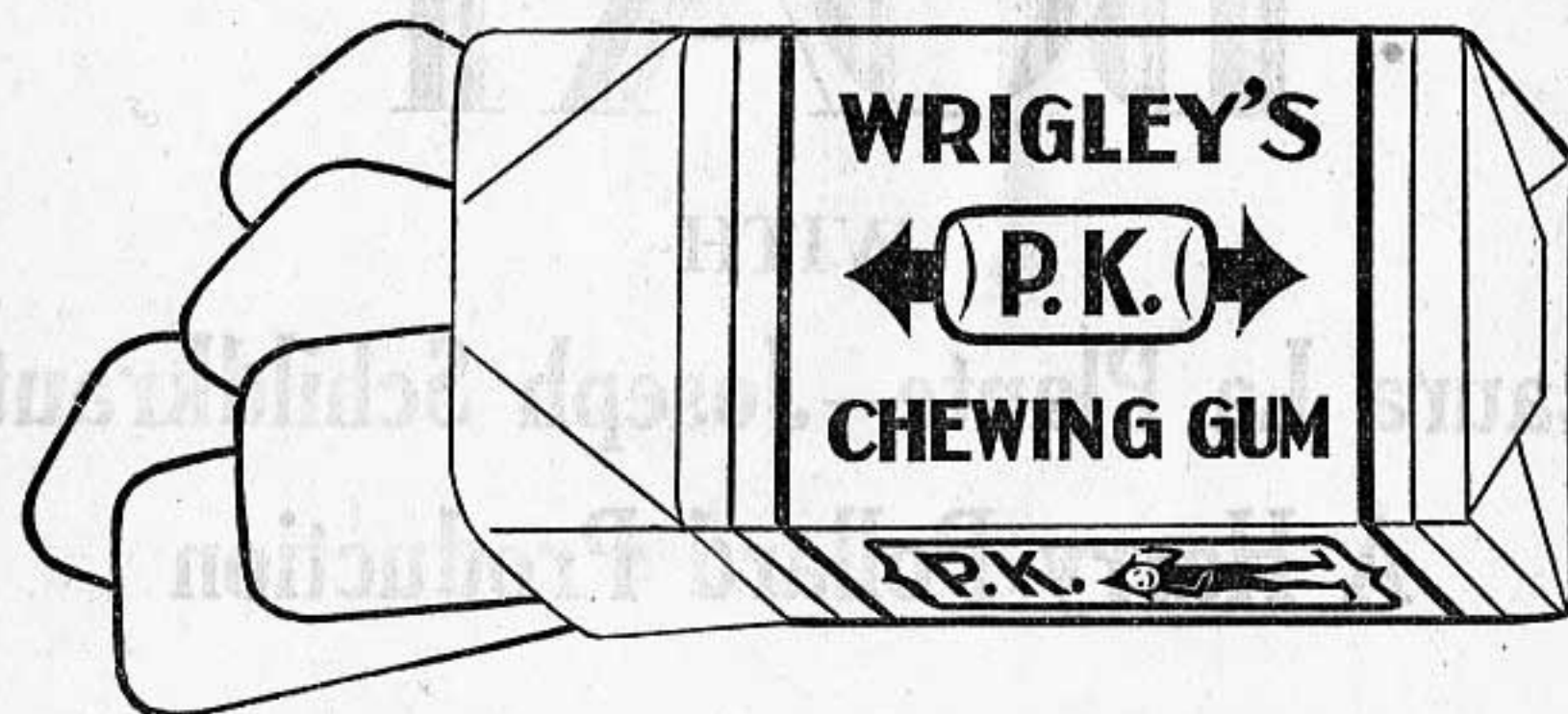


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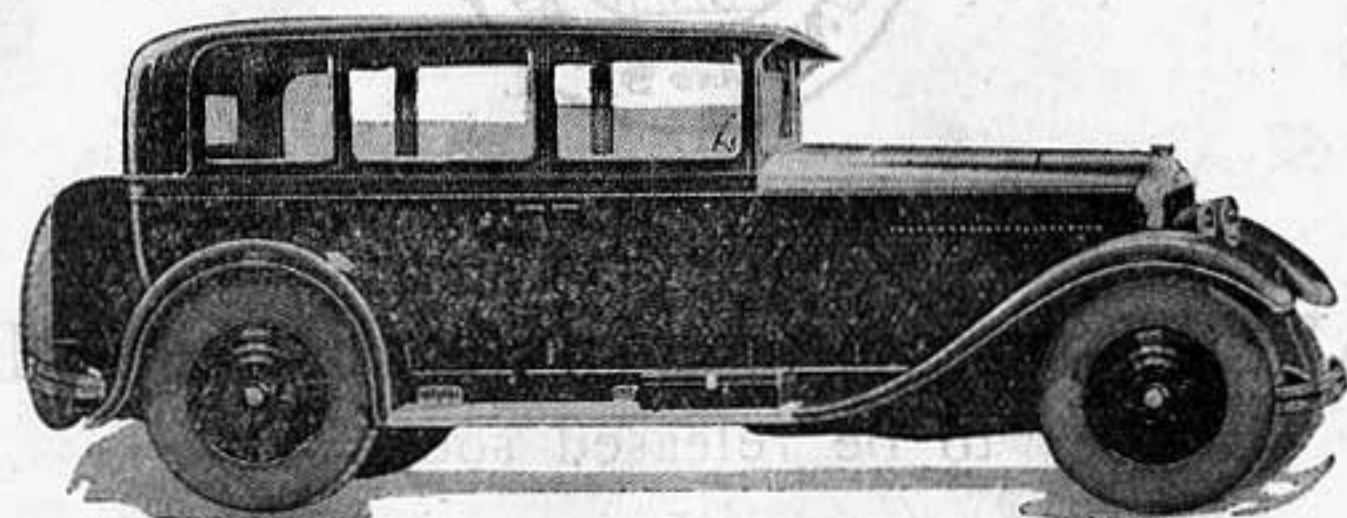
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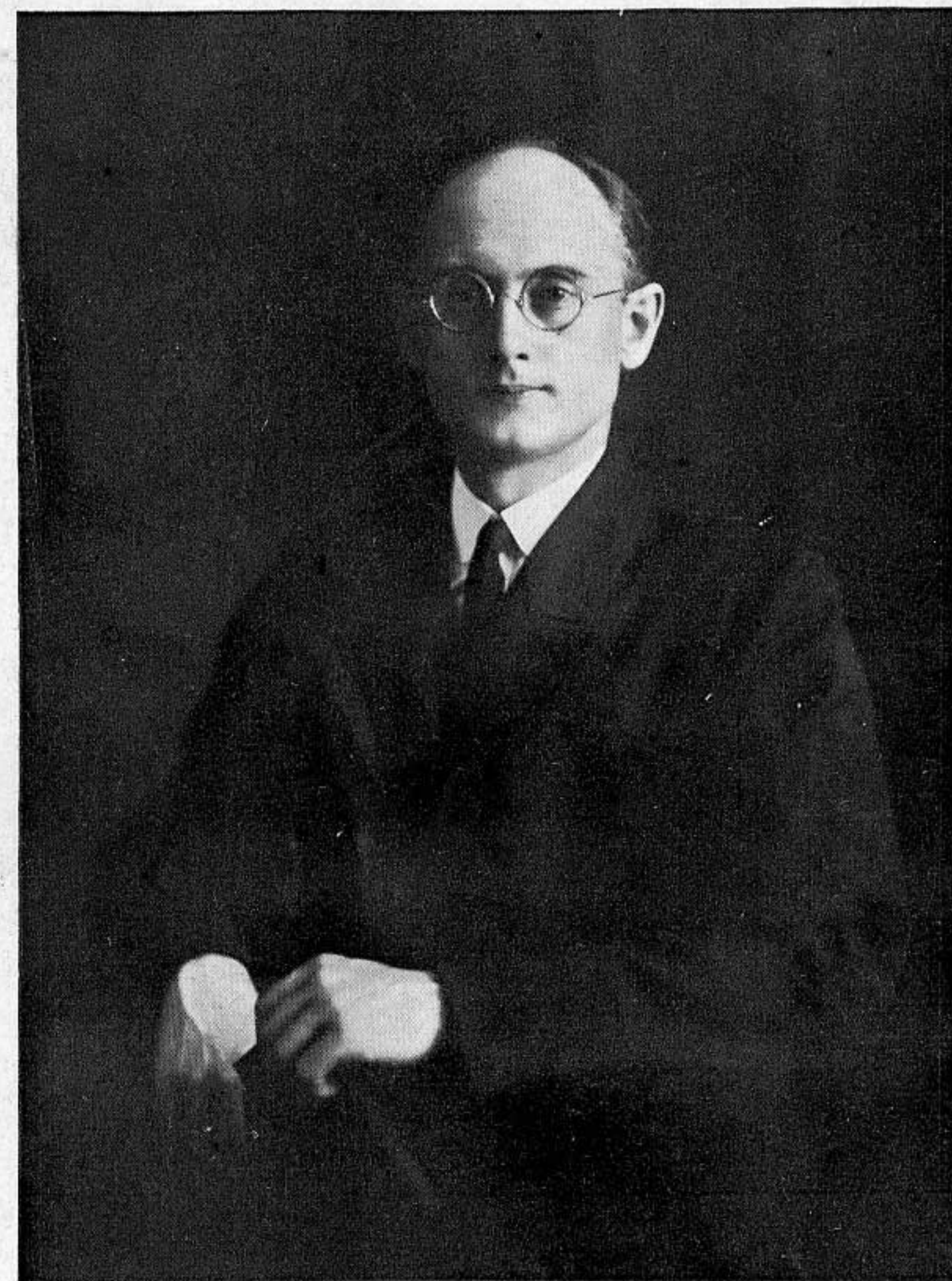
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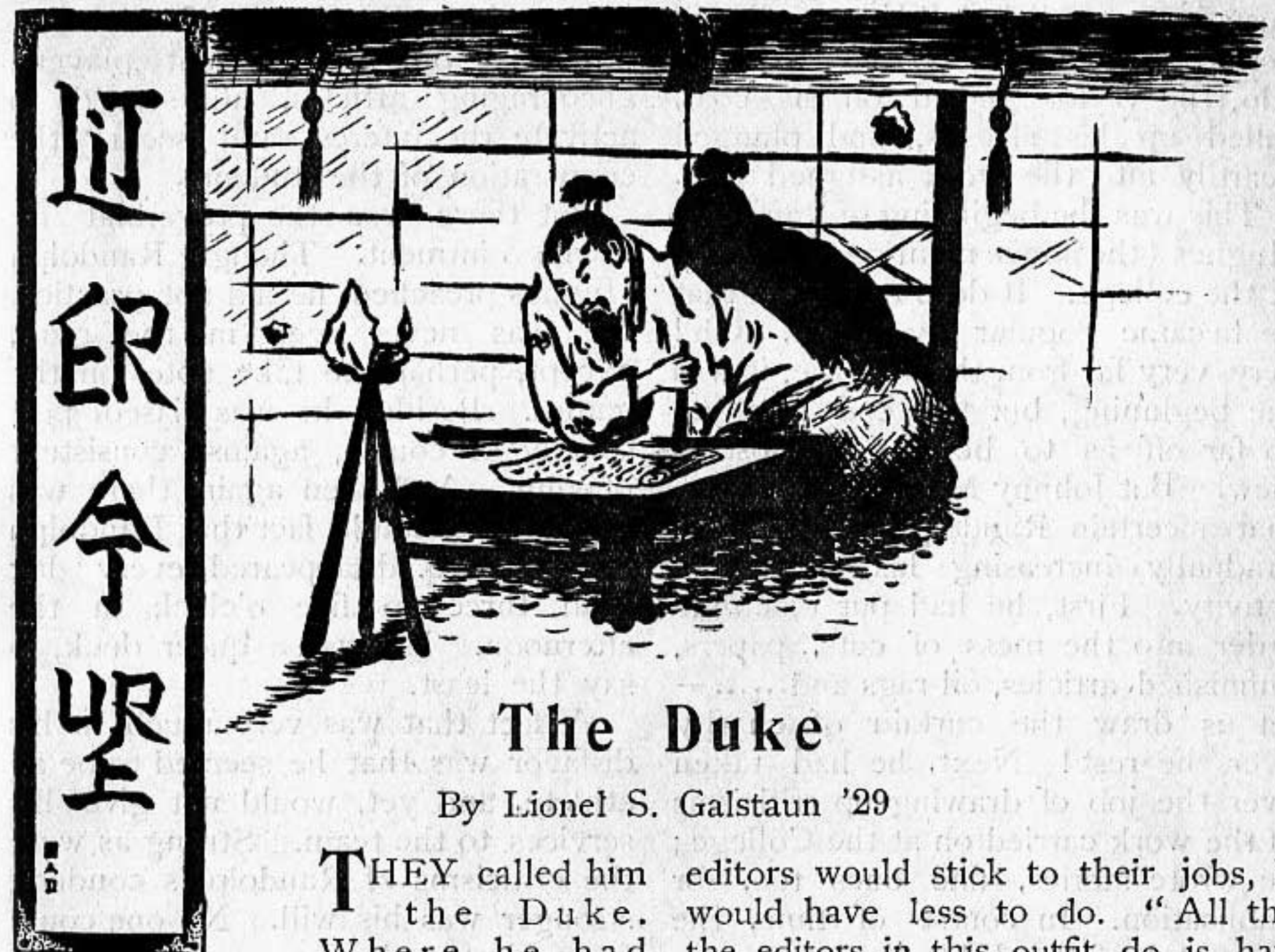
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To Mr. Joseph Janning the Class of 1929
respectfully dedicates this "Forward"
and wishes him Bon Voyage



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The Duke

By Lionel S. Galstaun '29

THEY called him the Duke. Where he had acquired this pseudonym, I cannot say; but it fitted him to a T. Somewhat uppish, immaculate in his clothing, it would strike a casual observer that this creature was no man, but a model of one—a poor one at that. Why he attended a sport college like Bowman was a mystery. Then again, he had that peculiar habit of always standing bolt upright. It did not fit him. When asked to play for the college, he, as a rule, refused. And yet, when he came out to the field for an "airing" it was noted with some surprise that he could circle the field, a good distance, without any trouble. And in spite of his natural gifts, he never allowed anyone to persuade him to accept the invitation to play in a game.

Johnny Marlowe, the Editor of the "Bowman" sat at his desk buried in thought. If only his associate

editors would stick to their jobs, he would have less to do. "All that the editors in this outfit do is have their names printed on the staff," was his constant complaint. Is it any wonder then, that he almost fell off his chair when an immaculately dressed young man, decked out in up-to-the-minute fashions from the Stacomb on his hair to the voluminous trousers that encased his legs, came in and asked if he could be of any help? Such volunteer service was rare. If he did not succeed in kicking his men to work, he usually succeeded in doing it for them. He would put this "Lily in pants" to work. "All right. You might start by clearing up that mess of papers on that desk. I'll see what I can do for you later." How he contrived to stay on that chair was a marvel. He was willing to wager that this would be another of the "too busy at present" type of workers. But no! Far from that! For the answer was not: "Sorry, too

busy just now," but "Very well, I'll get to it at once." Without further ado, the visitor peeled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and plunged heartily into the work assigned him.

This was the beginning of Randolph Hughes (the above mentioned person) at the college. It does not mean that he became popular overnight. Oh! very very far from that. True, it was the beginning, but the end was yet so far off as to be entirely lost to view. But Johnny Marlowe did notice that a certain Randolph Hughes was gradually increasing his sphere of activity. First, he had put clocklike order into the mess of cuts, papers, unfinished articles, oil rags and.....—let us draw the curtain of charity over the rest! Next, he had taken over the job of drawing up criticisms of the work carried on at the College; he wrote stories, fine ones too, for publication. In course of time, the sum-total of the Editor's output was the editorials. Everything, down to the minutest details of printing was in the Duke's hands.

For the first time in many years was the Bowman read with relish. The print became better. The stories had some snap to them—the criticisms were always admitted to be true—the paper itself began to sparkle. It was getting back its old value as a school publication. The subscribers began to look forward to Monday morning, when the paper was delivered. And all this happened since a new man had appeared on the staff. The Duke was becoming popular.

The football season was drawing to a close, and Basketball began slowly to gain the ascendancy over the minds of men. Accordingly, to keep up with the times, the Bowman began to devote its sport section entirely to the discussion of this game. Helpful

hints, dug up from safe sources, criticisms on the different players, encouraging articles, all served to activate the interest and secure the cooperation of the students.

But there was the proverbial fly in the ointment. Though Randolph Hughes preached, he did not practice. He was never seen in the gym, except, perhaps to take notes on the games. Besides, he was biased, personally of course, against consistent playing. And then again, there was the unaccountable fact that Randolph Hughes Esq. disappeared every day from three to five o'clock in the afternoon. He was a queer duck, to say the least.

A fact that was very much in his disfavor was that he seemed to be an athlete, and yet, would not give his services to the team. Strong as were the criticisms of Randolph's conduct, stronger was his will. No one could force him to play.

The basketball season was not a failure, though it might have been better, and this deficiency was attributed, justly or unjustly, to the slacker who ran the Bowman. If that "slacker" felt these prejudiced opinions, he showed no signs of annoyance.

One season passed after another, when at last, Graduation Day stood imminent. One evening, after the final examinations had been passed, an immaculately dressed young man, with a long tapering black box under his arm was seen entering the office of the professor of music. A long conversation followed, and when the stylish gentleman made his exit, he was followed by the professor and the parting words were, "Why certainly I'll put them on the program. Good-night." The young man retraced his steps, and disappeared in

the fast-gathering gloom. For three full days, nobody saw nor heard anything of him. At the expiration of that time, preparations for the big event had been about finished, and the final issue of the Bowman had been arranged. This last was an entirely new kind of a number, radically different in construction from any of its predecessors. Everybody admitted that even if the Duke was a slacker, he had good ideas. Then came the day of days, when all the pent-up enthusiasm of the young men was allowed to gush forth. The diplomas had been presented to the graduates, and the College was going to join in a last song of farewell, when, the professor of music announced: "Mr. Randolph Hughes will now play a number of violin solos." This all but took away the breaths of the audience. "What? That ninny a violinist? Can't make me believe that!" said some, but these were quickly silenced by the appearance of a well-built immaculately dressed young man. A feeble suggestion of applause greeted him. He tucked his violin under his chin with a grim smile. The piano struck the opening bars, when, of a sudden, out burst the Dance of the Goblins

with all of its intricacies. To say that the people were astounded is to put it lightly. They were so fascinated by the wierd gnomie beauty of the composition and its admirable execution, that they almost forgot to applaud. There was a moment of silence after the conclusion of the piece, and then the applause burst forth. Seldom had that audience heard that difficult composition interpreted so well. This was followed by Gypsy Airs, which gave to all the warm uplifting for which it is known. Then, to crown all came the beautiful Ave Maria—whereat the listeners were moved to the point of tears. The youthful artist acknowledged the applause which followed and hurriedly left the stage, when cries of "Encore" called him back. He acquiesced several times, and might have continued to do so until the present moment had he not been stopped by the fact that time was flying and the ceremony was not yet finished.

The song that had been interrupted by the appearance of the virtuoso was sung; it rose in mighty chorus from full throats with hearts beating in appreciative unison of the too long unknown and too little loved Duke.

All for Espionage

Reginald Price '29

THE rain was falling in a misty drizzle. Respectable citizens were already fast asleep in bed, for it was long past midnight, when a glistening limousine coasted to a stop by the curb. The two passengers who came forth were of the class termed respectable, only they

were late as to bed time. They entered the house and climbed the steep stairway to the top floor, with a make-for-bed air of alacrity.

"Oh! Lord!"..."Let me get my breath; those stairs of yours!" ejaculated Herbert Stanton. "They're something to climb, eh?" Jimmie

Hardacre responded, "but anyway the peace and quiet up here makes up for the lack of a lift. There's practically nothing to annoy a body up here. And I like it,...but go in won't you?"

"Gee! Who'd expect you, Jimmie, a jungle loving savage to have such a taste. This room is topping!". Herbert looked around in genuine surprise.

"What do you expect? I'm not yet uncivilized!" And the two joined a hearty laugh.

"Now, I'm going to open some champagne, you deserve it after driving home for me, to say nothing of our soccer match earlier in the afternoon."

"Where's the lavatory? I'd like to remove this grease from my wrist; your blessed gear change has dripped awfully, better look to it tomorrow."

"Sure! I'm sorry about the grease, go right in the bedroom there, meanwhile I'll prepare some coffee."

As the door closed the man raised his head. There was an enigmatic expression on his firm, rather rugged face. He paused, listening intently in the direction of the door through which Herbert had disappeared, and then laying down the spoon he held, moved softly across the carpet to the side-board. At that moment, a very faint buzzing sound was audible in the room. Faint though it was, his ears caught the sound as though they had been on the alert for it. Two noiseless strides brought him to the side-board where he whipped open one of the doors to the lower part and waited. Once more the buzzer sounded and this time the whirr plainly came from the interior of the sideboard. His hand vanished

within it, there was a slight click, and the buzzing ceased. On that he shut the sideboard and as quietly as before returned to the coffee machine which stood on a tray on a little table. Within the glass container, the coffee was now creaming and bubbling brownly.

He was intent upon his task when, presently the bedroom door opened and Herbert spoke from the threshold. "Gracious, is that the right time?" he demanded. Jimmie laughed. "Why worry? The night is still young, time was made for slaves, not Christians."

"Whatever do you mean by that?" Herbert was curious to learn.

"Oh! Nothing, only I wanted to suggest a dance-hall to finish up."

"What! At this hour? I wonder what my dear mother would do if she were here! She'd probably faint."

"As if!" Jimmie said, but pleasantly.

Herbert jerked bolt upright. "Now I'm wondering what made you say that."

"Oh! I only meant to say that your mother was a Slav, and Slavs are temperamentally unconventional. That's all."

Herbert looked inquiringly at his friend. "What makes you think that my mother was a Slav?"

"Oh, what's the use of arguing. She was, wasn't she?"

"Yes, but how did you guess?"

"How? by looking, I suppose."

"You must have looked hard. Most people say I'm typically English."

Jimmie passed the champagne, and they drank each other's health.

Presently Herbert said as if speaking his thoughts aloud: "I can't see what it is in you that has made me take to you so much."

We were made for each other, I suppose, "Jimmie said somewhat gloomily.

"Our friendship must be a pretty fast one or you wouldn't have been with me during almost all your spare time."

"This is getting on my nerves, I can't tell whether you're serious or ragging. Talking of friendship, I wonder which one is my friend, Herbert Stanton, or Michael Ivanovna, of the S. S. S.?" If he expected this statement to cause Herbert any great consternation, he was doomed to disappointment. Save for an imperceptible narrowing of the eye-lids, Herbert remained as impassive as before.

"So, you've been making inquiries about me have you?" he said quietly.

"To be sure; you made a psychological error when you pestered dear old Jack for an introduction. I was interested, not to use a more disagreeable term, and inquiries naturally followed."

"So, that's it, is it? Jack talked, eh?"

"Not exactly; the other day, when Jack came up to me, I noticed he was simply bubbling over with diplomacy, and on the point of bursting if he had not been tapped. Being his friend and all that, and naturally not wishing him to blow up, I — er, tapped him."

"Then, I am summarily dismissed, am I?"

"Oh! no, not quite so quick my dear Michael, you've gone a little farther than I can permit. You came here this evening, in fact you

are here in England for the sole purpose of extracting a certain bluff envelope from the cupboard in my bedroom; may I trouble you for the article in question?"

Herbert was visibly surprised but what did not strike Jimmie was that he wasn't a bit perturbed. "But the door, — was closed."

"Oh! sure, when one entertains men of your enterprising caliber, one naturally takes precautions. I took the trouble of arranging a little electrical device of my own invention, in the secret chamber of my cupboard."

"What are you going to do with me?" Herbert asked and glanced furtively at the travelling clock on the mantelpiece.

"Nothing," Jimmie almost spat the word at him; "give me that envelope and go, I know what Russian refugees had to go through and men like you have got to earn a living. I say again, give me that envelope and go." With which, he took a step forward, hand outstretched.

In the fraction of a second a wicked looking Browning appeared as by magic in the hand of Michael, and the muzzle pointed straight at Jimmie's heart, and the hand that held it was as steady as a rock.

Jimmie continued his advance unchecked. "Gunplay is it? Well, my dear Michael, gunplay or no gunplay, you're not leaving this room with that envelope."

At that moment the door opened and a bearded man in a fur coat entered, a long-barreled Colt being the most conspicuous part about him. With a jerk, he levelled this at Jimmie and spoke a torrent of unintelligible jargon to Michael.

Jimmie's heart missed a beat when he saw the precious envelope containing the plans for the secret fortification of Singapore being handed over to the man whom Michael addressed as Boris.

The latter chuckled contentedly, and patting Michael on the back reassuringly, left the room.

For some time, silence reigned in the room. Then Jimmie was aware of the most out-of-place sound under the circumstances. Michael was giving vent to unrestrained and tearful laughter.

"Jimmie, it worked!" he burst out "but it was touch and go whether he'd fall for it." Then seeing the revolver in his hand still levelled at Jimmie, he laughed and threw it aside. "Go on! Jimmie, I'm not going to shoot you. It was a dud, a plant, go look in your drawer....."

Jimmie Hardacre did not wait to hear the rest, but left the room in an undignified, precipitate dive through

the door, to return a moment later with an identical envelope, the seal broken, but the papers intact. Herbert, alias Michael, decided it was time for some explanations from himself and began.

"I'm C. E., no not Church of England, but Counter-Espionage for Great Britain. There's only one other person in the world besides myself who knows this but he won't tell, and it's all right because I'm quitting the service. You see, Jimmie, you're such an incompetent liar, that if I told you beforehand, you'd probably give the lie to the farce, therewith the reason for my behaviour. You've been trailed ever since you left Singapore, where the S. S. S. agents discovered you to be working as engineer at the fortifications. It's the second time I've fooled that bunch; I wonder what Boris is doing now!" Thereafter the number of cigarette stubs, and empty champagne bottles multiplied like flies.

Wayfarer Among Tartars

By Frederick S. Ganin '29

IT was rather late at night, when our guard heard a very weak voice in the distance, calling for help. The man awoke us, and without a moment's hesitation, we rushed out in the direction of the voice.

With great difficulty we contrived to find the sufferer. We immediately brought him to our tent, warmed him up, and gave him first aid. On the forehead of the patient was a big gash, probably caused by the slash of a knife; the skin was split open, one of the hands was shot through; his shirt and pure white hair were covered with blood.

We asked him a few questions,

but the poor man was beyond the power of conversing. Fearing he should die on our hands, we decided to bring him to the city. This latter was about forty-five miles from our camp. We ourselves were under a handicap, since our horses had been fagged by the actually long march to the city from the interior of Mongolia. Fortunately, there was a Mongolian succursal on the way, and there we asked that the sufferer be attended to.

Very early the next morning, the sick man was entered at the hospital of the city. Doctors and nurses were called, and before long, the

sufferer was carefully bandaged; but it was not until the noon of the next day that the patient was able to speak.

In the afternoon, the police officers came and began cross-questioning him. Gathering his lost strength, he began to relate what had happened. "I am a worker of Fu-shin-un, the merchant of the Quo-kai-tai district. We were traveling from the city to our shops with a caravan of goods, consisting of twenty-four telegas (carriages), fifty-two horses and twenty-four men, these latter mostly Chinese with a sprinkling of Russians. When we passed 'Dastemak' the Mongolian post, a group of well-armed, well-mounted troopers approached us. "Have you the Soviet Passports?" they asked. "Yes," we answered. "Then please come to our headquarters and we shall examine the passports there." Suspecting nothing, we turned our horses in the direction indicated. Before long, we were ordered to halt. "Off the telegas and come here!" We were instantly aware that something was wrong. They searched all of us, took the valuables we had including a pistol which Fu-shin-un carried. "Untie all the luggage, and let us see what you have." We did exactly as ordered. "Now, pay us \$150,000 (Mex.) and we will let you go free. I suppose you know us and our methods." The merchants, unable to pay such sheer ransom, asked for a reconsideration, when the blood-thirsty leader yelled "KILL!" It so happened that I was standing next to the leader himself, who shot at me; I fell down, shot through the hand. To insure the success of their murderous action, the bandits cut our throats, and heaped the bodies into a pile.

"For a long time, I lay unconscious, and when towards evening, I revived, there was the sight of the dead bodies all around me; the carriages had all been brutally destroyed. All the silk, leather and other merchandize had been taken away, I know not whither.

"I crawled to one of the carriages, and there found a piece of meat and a swig of water. This gave me a little strength and I set out. By and by, I lost my bearings and after a very long time, I found myself rescued by some kind people. As to the rest, I believe you are better acquainted with it than myself."

Of course, all the police forces were immediately notified and despatched, and even an extra posse was billeted around the city. Late that night, a stranger tried to enter the city. He was stopped by the soldiers on the city limits, and was brought to the hospital. There on being shown the patient, the man suddenly gaped astonishment. He turned deathly pale, and muttered: "We thought for sure that we had killed the whole bunch of them, but there is one of the twenty-four." Then louder, "All right, you've got me. I surrender." In the jail, he confessed, and as all bandits and thieves do, he betrayed the rest of the gang. Tartars, Chinese and Mongolians formed the greater part of this confederation. The leader, a burly Tartar of poor repute, after hearing of the misfortune of the adventure, skipped to Siberia. The rest of the gang were duly caught and executed.

The wounded Chinaman recovered after a long illness. How true and how universally applicable is the old maxim, "The truth will out."?

The Sacred Jewel of the Lotus Flower

By Nicholas Didishko '29

IN the past Boxer revolution which threatened the rich provinces of China, the haughty domains of the Mandarin, there were in his empire a few precious highminded men who took every step to hold aloft China's imperial standard and her age-old fame. One of these patriots was Yi Nana Sing, young, talented, but proud, bearing the title of Dalai Lama for he was a servant of Buddha and steeped to the lips in Buddhistic lore. He believed thoroughly in the old China and her secular culture which to his mind called for no revolution in aid of putting her in the front ranks of the world powers.

One summer day whilst pondering over the problems of his kingdom and how he might smother the simmering revolutionary spirit, he wandered along one of the most beautiful lakes of the Mandarin's magnificent palace. Seating himself on a stone near the shore he gazed on the calm and tranquil waters; patches of stately lotus flowers rising from the green bosom of the lake rode at rippling anchorage on the quiet waters. Yi Nana Sing praised the sacred flowers of Buddha, turned his prayer-wheel a thousand times asking Buddha to help him in the difficulties then preying on his mind, and ere long gently fell asleep.

His prayers were heard and answered in a dream. Yi Nana Sing's dream was most peculiar; he saw himself in a large hall, the hall of judgment and transmigration. It was a low hall with thousands of pillars and endless perspective and incredible magnificence; everything was of ebony

and damascene gold, interlaid with precious stones that sparkled with life; the air was filled with incense and was laden with costly perfumes, whilst throughout reigned a silence broken only by a monotonous dripping of water now and then. The Dalai Lama turned round and a powerful amber light streamed from one end of the hall. There he saw thirteen gorgeously-carved steps and on each side of each step stood dull-bronze idols; all, however, had half turned heads, lifted gaze and weeping eyes—the tears trickling down their cheeks onto the steps and causing the only noise that broke the silence in this sacred hall, the palace of pillars and the world of idols. He mounted the steps and as he looked up he beheld a majestic throne the seat of the great Buddha surrounded by a large halo which flamed with bright amber light, illuminating the palace with mellow tints; but the throne was vacant. He was all flaming with passionate desire of seeing his god but alas he was disappointed and advanced towards the vacant throne; the halo flame parted from the interior and he could see as through a golden cave a splendid pond which was full of lotus flowers and on a golden boat, that moved by itself, Buddha himself looking in each flower was searching for his lost eye. The Dalai Lama approached but a step, and heard a voice which said: "Go look for my eye; it is in a lotus flower you will find it; it is egg-shaped and glitters with the very colors of the rainbow. In it are written the sacred characters of thy

prayer "Om Mani Padmi Hum!"; Take it, place it before my altar in your temple; set incense over it and offer praise to me. Then look long and read the characters within the gem; repeat them thrice and go into the world with the gift of knowing man's thoughts, placing your hands on the jewel when you wish to read them. With this you shall have the power to stamp out revolution and save your country and the Mandarin. A thunder-clap followed; the golden halo slowly vanished; Yi Nana Sing was first flung to the floor and then whirled from the palace of pillars. He awoke with a start and all wet for it was raining hard.

How long he had slept he did not know but he was eager to perform his mission. He leaped into a boat and pushed off in search of the holy stone, the jewel of the sacred lotus flower and the lost eye of the Great Buddha.

It grew dark, the rain ceased, and the moon began playing with the waters and whispering to the flowers; but Dalai Lama was still in quest of the stone and there were yet a few flowers of the "Pond of the Skies" to be examined. He rowed his boat to the last group of lotuses carefully searching in each flower. At last! in the chalice of one, the rain had got imprisoned and crystallized into a gem of magnificent beauty and spotless clearest lustre. With trembling hands and beating breast, Yi Nana Sing lifted the treasure from the flower and holding it to the moon, saw it glitter yet the light was pale and mellow radiating into all the colors of the rainbow; in its core were variegated characters of the prayer "Om Mani Padmi Hum." Quickly did the Dalai Lama conceal his find in a bosom-pocket and

making sure of his wraps, made speedily for the shore. He was so fatigued that he left at once for his chambers where he found rest, awaking only after the following night, just before dawn.

Remembering his mission, his recent experience began to absorb his thoughts to the exclusion of all else. He chuckled to himself over the power which this jewel would give him. His young heart and ambitious soul grew bold and, dizzy with the favor of the gods, he saw himself before his Mandarin reading the thoughts of the Lamas and working wonders in the sight of the people. Pride began to shroud his mind and subtle temptation to perturb his soul. He pictured the Great Dalai Lama bowing before him whilst he was reading thoughts and telling all that he himself, and not Buddha, is god. Thus did this proud young man Dalai Lama, having received the precious gift from Buddha's bounty. With these haughty thoughts he paced his splendid halls; before the idol his hand went by instinct to the prayer-wheel but he flung it away saying "henceforth it shall be turned to me alone." Just then he remembered, all of a sudden, that he had not yet offered his sacrifice of incense and that the promise of Buddha was not yet guaranteed. His heart shrank back to his former petty self and again he turned the prayer-wheel saying "Om Mani Padmi Hum."

The temple was dim as usual, filled with mystery and awe. He advanced before the great Buddha, placed the stone on the altar, heaped rich incense over it and set it a flame. Then he raised his gaze to the face of the idol and prostrated himself on the ground. The smoke lifted suddenly like a whirlwind and he gazed at the jewel

and read the characters, the words of power. He did not perceive that as the smoke arose, Buddha smiled at the proud Dalai Lama and despised his evil intention. Thus Yi Nana Sing was given the power to read human thoughts.

He entered the council of the Older Dalai Lamas with the Great Dalai Lama seated in the center. They all inquired where he had been for the past few days. He did not wish to explain because it was not to his interest to let the people know of his treasure which would not make him a god but merely a higher servant of Buddha. He looked at the lamas, read their intentions, became a sadder man for they were all jealous of him and were plotting against his life. Being young, proud and brave he turned round and said: "I shall not disturb you, for you plot against me but Buddha shall avenge my blood!" The lamas were terror-stricken; yet this only embittered them the more. Yi Nana Sing left the assembly heartbroken because two of his own brothers were among the conspirators. He left for the Mandarin's palace, and after having done ceremony befitting his rank, crawled up to the Emperor on his stomach. The Emperor sat on a beautiful throne calm as an idol, his hands resting on his knees and his fingers tapering down into long golden tubes designed to protect His Majesty's finger nails. Still on all fours not daring to look up, he spoke thus: "Most noble Mandarin! I, Dalai Lama, Yi Nana Sing servant of Buddha and thy slave have come to beg your permission for a thousand of thy chosen guard with which I shall strike the rebels who have arisen in the mountains and who are preparing to slay us. I have a special mission from our Buddha and

in his name with only a thousand men I will annihilate them one and all." "Go, it is granted thee!" was the laconic reply. Thanking the Emperor, Dalai Lama lifted up his eyes gaily but did not dare to look again for he read the Sovereign's thoughts and crawling back he cursed to himself. The Grand Dalai Lama had deceived the Mandarin for the latter's intention was to give him the very men who were to assassinate him just as they would leave the city.

"What!" said Yi Nana Sing, "am I not a god and the whole palace is against me, I will go to Tala Lun the famous Chinese court dancer and my love, and take her to Tibet for I have vast property there and after I am forgotten I will return as a god."

He entered a rich litter and directed the carriers to her quarters. He was soon there and as he entered she ran out to meet him gaily laughing and expressing her joy. She took him into her room seated him before her and smiling joyously began to recount all that had happened during the past days. He was glad and his heart seemed to have forgotten the sorrows which had befallen him as he looked on his beauty so eager to please him. He forgot to look into her heart and read her mind since he had never doubted her but just at this moment he touched the sacred gem and looked at her face, though her laughter was pleasant and ringing merrily, her soul said: "Oh you have worried me long enough give me a gift and get out I care for another, not for you." He sprung to his feet, his eyes were bloodshot, he grabbed her by the throat told her all he read in her evil mind and with one strong plunge of the

dagger sent her to be judged by Buddha.

Straight he went to the temple, his conscience reproaching him for his dreadful crime; there he placed the jewel in a little golden cup. He ground it to powder as fine as dust put some incense over it, lit it and throwing the goblet at the idol left altogether broken hearted for his domains. There he did not stay long; he just took only his pipe and left for the "Sacred Pond of the Skies." Entering a small boat he moved to the center of the pond; it was dark already the flowers were all rising erect over the waters; as once before the moon-beams played with the waters and whispered to

the lotus flowers. He lit his pipe. A few dark clouds of opium smoke rose to the sky from a dissatisfied rebel; he stretched his hands forward then fell into the boat again dreaming but not of Buddha but of magic dreams which these dreadful fumes wave over the human intellect; the boat capsized and down he went, altogether unconscious; thus still happy, sank the young Dalai Lama, Yi Nana Sing.

From that day the lotus flowers have bent their lovely heads over the green bosom of the murmuring waters. The rebels just then overthrew the Mandarin's yoke and the glory of old China perished on account of pride.

RIPPLES ON A LAKE

Upon a slumbering lake I gazed:—
Alas! Its beauty broke;
Mute nature's stillness, e'er I praised,
In waving ripples woke.

A leaflet fell, the ripples round,
Trembling on the crystal eye,
Floated far without a sound,
Without a word, without a sign.

Thus often thoughts unknown arise,
Like ripples break, like ripples die,
Imagination's thoughts surprise
Without a word, without a sigh.

Days gone, again come trembling o'er,
Dead melodies awake,
And rippling glide the glassy floor,
Then sink into the lake.

A tranquil calm then haunts my soul,
Disturbs its hollow rest,
Tears, like waving ripples roll,
Upon a crystal breast.

N. Didishko '29

SUMMER DAYS

Summer has come with its joyful hues,
With sky of turquoise blue,
Gone is spring with its morning dews,
Its flowering blossoms too.

The mountain breeze caresses the trees
With graceful hands unseen.
The birds they twitter while the bees,
They roam o'er meadows green.

The rivulet winds its weary way,
And sings itself a song;
The stately pines enchanted sway,
The butterflies hurry along.

The breezes play on the rippling tide,
Fleecy sails adorn the bays,
Sea gulls white in the air gently ride,
Such are the beautiful summer days.

Hiroshi Oka '30



Kiyoshi J. Takahashi

ONE day of December 1911 the head of the Nomenclature in the New Babies Bureau was seated at his desk checking off entries from a ponderous ledger. By his side hung a speaking tube, while before him stood a sort of megaphone or loudspeaker. At regular intervals the sound of a bell would emerge from the loudspeaker, followed by a few spoken words, and instantly he would lay down his quill and shouting something thru the speaking tube, continue checking off entries again. In other words the Chief of Nomenclature in the New Babies Bureau was busy giving names to all the babies born in the world. He was just in the act of turning a page of the ledger when another ring interrupted him in his work. Tho these disturbances occurred a thousand times a day, never was there a sign of weariness detected on his face. On the contrary, at each sound of the bell, his countenance would light up joyfully. A few spoken words followed the ring and he listened attentively to what was being said. "Boy born in Yokohama, Japan, chief." For a

moment he was nonplussed. But for a moment only. A kind smile hovered about his benevolent features, as he took up the speaking tube, and said: "Call him Kiyoshi Takahashi." Thus was our worthy "Taka" ushered into the world, for besides the name which the chief of N. in the N. B. B. had given him, he is known more commonly as "Taka," or "Ki-Chan."

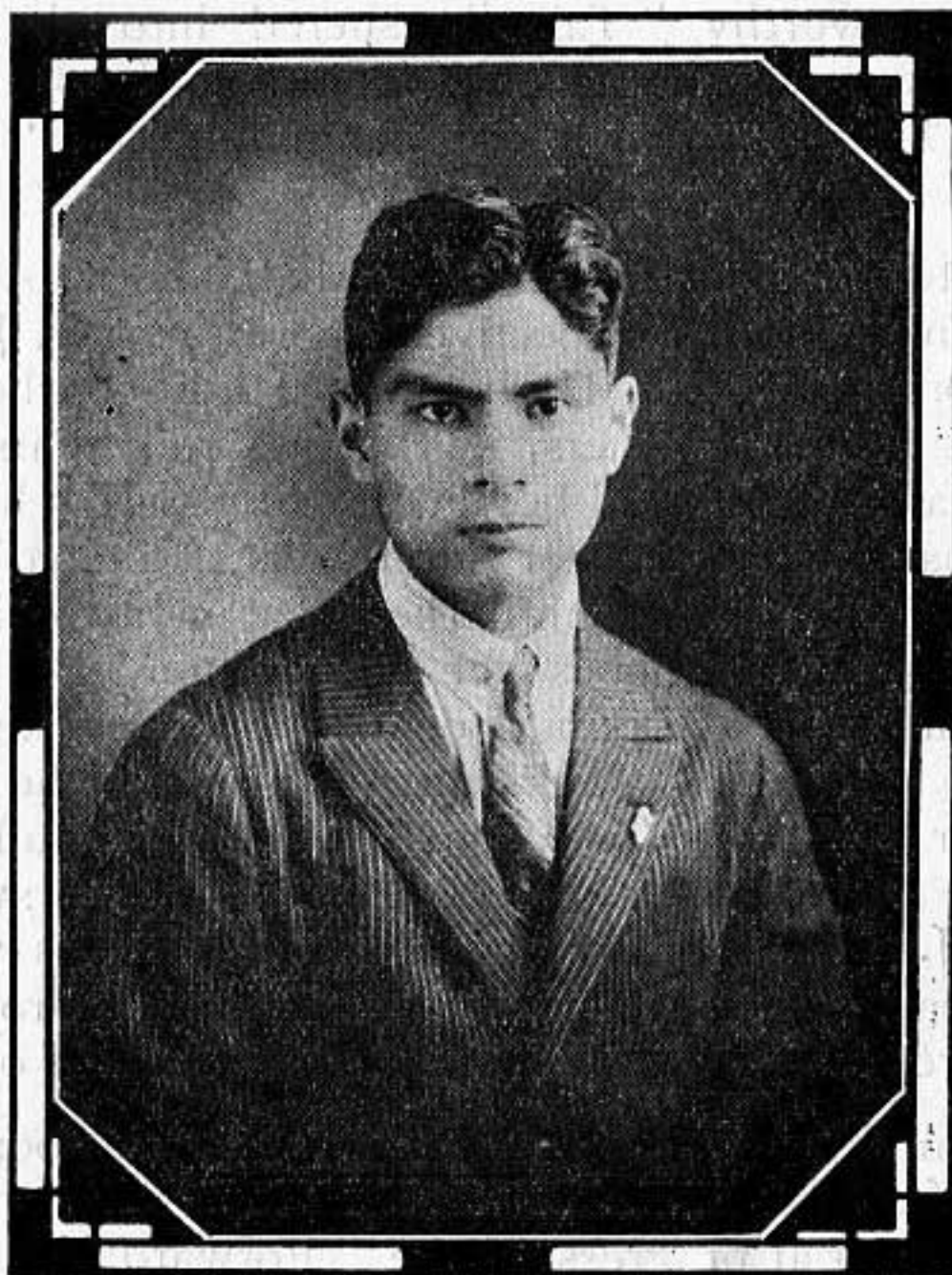
At the tender age of six and a half, he was placed in that famous nursery of prospective celebrities at S. J. C., under the able tutorship of Mr. Higli. Mr. Higli coached him as he had done so many others, in the first rudiments of knowledge, and passed him well-begun but necessarily half-done to the next class. Thence year after year Takahashi pursued the even tenor of his way until the great catastrophe of 1923 blasted temporarily his hopes for the future. But only temporarily, for as the old saying goes, "You can't keep a good man down," and a few weeks after the quake, he joined the Morning Star School in Tokyo to continue his studies. After the school's return from Sumiyoshi, "Taka" swelled the ranks of S. J. C.-ites by joining the present class while in its Freshman year. Thus we view him on the last round of his scholastic career, ready to embark upon life's sea of trials.

"Ki-Chan" fills the honorable role of cartoonist on the Forward staff and he has contributed not a little towards the interest and material progress of the "Forward." In class, he has a profound liking for mathematics and is not a little skilled in the intricacies of geometry and trigonometry.

He is a keen sports enthusiast but prefers to cheer from the side lines rather than descend into the arena. However he occupies the initial sack on the class baseball team.

When chaffed by his fellows he vouchsafes a bland smile but keeps silence; the which, however does not imply that he is in any way a "Gloomy Gus."

"Taka" has not been pleased to divulge any information about his future ambitions. He will probably hold the post of head of some great firm, or perhaps...but here we stop to wish him lots of success and the best of luck in whatever he may choose to undertake. And we can safely bet on him.



Rustam S. Mehta

RUSTAM or "Kuro" as he is commonly called by his friends became a member of this lackaday world in October 1911. He was born in Kobe and began his troubles in school life as a toddler under the beaming smile of Mr. Higli.

From the first he showed himself an earnest scholar and a lad of positive views; and even now he is known for his unswerving fidelity to his own statements and God help the man who tries to make him swallow his aired convictions. Rustam shows the best of his working abilities in the mathematical branches—his favorite branch is geometry—and loves to argue points he does not understand; and everybody knows what this often leads to.

But if Rustam is a good worker in the classroom, he beats all his working records in the games. He holds the important position of left-half on the S. J. C. soccer team and he has been a large contributing factor to the winning of many a hard fight. He not only takes part in football but is always ready to show his prowess in any game, no matter what it might be, whether basketball, baseball or tennis. Being fond of games, he is a skillful criticiser and is ever ready to give his opinions as to the merit or demerit of particular players adducing specific examples to back up these opinions.

He has been with us most of his school life but he had to leave us in 1923 after the great disaster to enter the Canadian Academy for a year. Again in the third term of last year he left us to pay a hurried visit to Europe with his parents. He visited England and France and on his return to Japan joined up with the College to finish his last year of school.

On the Forward Staff he holds the important position of French Editor and his visit to France seems to be a great help. In that capacity he has regularly contributed interesting compositions in that diplomatic language.

In common everyday life Rustam is a jolly, sympathetic fellow. When he discovers that a joke has been played on him, he will laugh as loud as the loudest but he keeps in mind that "every dog has his day" and he will get back at you even if he has to wait a week before he has a chance. Once you have won his sympathy, you will find that he is a true friend indeed and he will go any length to oblige any of them. He is always ready to give a helping hand to anyone in trouble and you may be sure that he will give you assistance if you go to him any morning with a particularly hard mathematical problem.

His exact aim in life is still unknown but we conjecture that his dogged perseverance will lead him to some position of leadership which will give him all the fame he deserves.



Nicholas Bidishko

JANUARY 2nd, 1910 marks our Nick's birth into this workaday world, but beyond that sober fact our knowledge of his early years prior to his incorporation into Mr. Higli's class is shrouded in obscurity. At the age of six, Nicholas began his up-grade climb at S.J.C. and the study hobby, an excellent one indeed, has stuck to him ever since.

In the fourth year he left for Shanghai and thence for Wei-Hai-Wei; at the latter town he enjoyed his school life, of which subject he has a store of interesting adventures along with some mischievous escapades to recount. Interesting and enjoyable though his short stay in Wei-Hai-Wei proved to be, however, circumstance made him return to the old school. Resuming studies at the College in picturesque Sumiyoshi, Nick pushed the work of mental culture,

Unfortunately, fate had decided that Nick's was to be a rather checkered career and he was forced to leave school after completing the Junior class, on account of misfortune which befell his parents. Nick was obliged to take a fling at a business career, and joined the International Sleeping Car Co., Harbin, in the capacity of manager of the dining car service. His second position was as stenotypist in the Texas Company in Mukden. Feeling the urge to continue his studies along the lines of civil engineering and chemical research, he returned to St. Joseph College to prepare for Dayton University, joining the graduating class at the beginning of the third term.

"Nick" is a great profunder of theories, of which one of the favorite is the one of the cylindrical world. This theory created much enthusiasm among his classmates and for a long time eclipsed the Einstein theory. Another great hobby of his is collecting reptiles, for which he has an extraordinary assiduity. Judging from these few characteristics, it can easily be seen that Nick is a very amusing and interesting young man. Having seen something of life and felt some of its vicissitudes, he has an inexhaustible stock of real-life incidents with which to regale his companions; besides, Nick has a very keen wit and seldom fails to probe into the comical side of most things. His jokes are wise "cracks" and seldom fail to evoke laughter from the gloomiest standers by.

In the line of sports Nick has not much to offer us, though at one time, he had become an ardent enthusiast for basketball and skippered successfully a team recruited from the boarders of the College, leading them to several hard-fought victories.

His solitary excursions into the countrysides in quest of snakes, stirred Nick's innate poetic nature and caused him to turn out quite a few verses. He is also an artist at Mechanical Drawing and it is interesting to watch him patiently project complicated figures of still more complicated models. Nick's enterprising and 'stick-to-it' character will undoubtedly lead him to attain well-merited success in whatever he may choose to undertake, and to this end his companions wish to express their hearty good wishes.



Frederick S. Ganin

THE Captain of the far-famed St. Joseph College Football Eleven was born in the city of Manchuli, Manchuria, in July 1910. When he was but eight years old, he was matriculated at a primary school in Harbin after having been privately tutored at home. He stayed at the Russian school until he was fourteen years old, naturally spending his vacations at home. "Bucking Manchurian Broncos" was his special delight during his vacations.

At this time, his father decided upon the young man's receiving an English education, and sent him to Sumiyoshi where the S. J. C. had been temporarily established after the Quake-Fire. Here he joined the sixth grade then under the tutorship of Prof. F. Herner. Already at that time he showed a strong inclination to soccer. His desires, however,

for playing this game were checked by sickness. It was only during his last two years at school that he played intensively. On the campus, more than anywhere else, he has shown us the stuff of which he is made—and we find it good.

In class he is not quite so conspicuous as on the soccer field. He is still bucking the difficulties of English Classics but, considering that he did not speak a word of English the fourteen years before his coming to S. J. C., the actual difficulties are nothing surprising. In the line of mathematics he finds geometry more to his liking than trigonometry. His subject, though, is bookkeeping; and in that he showed his giftedness. He is one of Prof. Antoni's most apt pupils in that particular branch.

Ganin is the "man behind the gun" in the College movies. We all depend on him and his devoted painstaking for the many fine pictures that are regularly screened here in our third story club room. He has done more than any other pupil to provide a delightful Saturday afternoon show.

The Forward is losing a contributor of excellent Manchurian tales. If you have observed, this year in the narrative section you will always have seen some story with a Manchurian backing. And these are all facts. The Joke section of the Forward, his own by the way, has contained more of the "real stuff" than ever before, we, and many others likewise, in good faith say that Ganin is a fellow who sees the funny side of all the humdrum affairs of everyday life.

To sum up, our friend is a good old scout, always willing to help anybody in trouble. It is with a feeling of regret that we must get ready for the going forth of this fine energetic young man. In the United States, he will continue his studies in Commerce and Finance. Our best wishes accompany him.



John Reginald Price

AN NOVEMBER sun was just topping the hills of Kobe, when our one and only John Reginald Price had his first glimpse of God's world, in the year of Grace, nineteen hundred and twelve. A bouncing boy with a bouncing disposition, one of the very first things he did was to bounce off a lofty perch on a tree, and come perilously near to hanging in his dinner pail. He survived the adventure however, which was fortunate for both the world and himself, as the loss of so great a personage would undoubtedly.....Oh well! Let us limit ourselves to actualities rather than speculations of John Reginald.

All great men are precocious, and thus John R. early attended a kindergarden in Kobe. But his giant intellect was unable to adapt itself to the wee people and the wee things of a kindergarden, and accordingly, he was sent to S.J.C. in

the fall of 1920, where he entered the second grade. From the start, Reggie displayed a conspicuous scholastic bump and, but for a few loiterings along the flowery Path of Knowledge, often enough carried off first honors in Examinations. He specializes in Mathematics and Literature, often working out some bumpy intricacies of algebra or trig problems to the amazement of his classmates. As for literature, one need only recall that he wears the mantle of the prophet as Editor-in-Chief of the Forward Staff. So much for Reggie as a student.

Reggie is also a sportsman. If you wish to see anything in the line of first class soccer, watch Reggie with the ball at his toes, speeding down the left flank of the field, and ending up by putting across a glorious center. He has contributed not a little towards the celebrity of our actual far-famed football team. For field events, the long-distance runs are his pet hobbies. He does the mile or half mile in real Nurmi fashion, i.e. with his remarkable endurance and skill unaffected by the arduous stunt that burns less hardy athletes.

Reggie, like his brother Clifford, has a leaning to dramatics. He has taken a prominent part in many of the plays staged here before and after the quake. He is also not a little skilled at playing the piano, being quite an adept at the art.

Reggie answers to the somewhat tenacious sobriquet of "Bulldog;" but as how or why so indifferent an appellation got affixed to him, is more than I can explain. The nickname has died considerably of late, owing to the fact that Reggie has ceased to take any notice of those that fling it at his face. Reggie, naturally kind, is always ready to help anyone in distress. But woe to the person who dares to incur his wrath or rouse his temper. He has his own way of humbling people with biting sarcasm. Usually, however, the coast is always clear for any sort of banter or chaff.

As to the future, Reggie will launch upon an engineering course at the University of Dayton. Being naturally gifted and hardworking, we have no doubts as to his eventually making good. We hope he may win for himself a pretty niche in the world's hall of fame.



Lionel S. Galstaun

GAYLY were the tropical winds sighing over Java, when one fine day, a number of rebellious screams demanded the attention of a tuneful rival in the person of our hero friend, baby Lionel Galstaun. Lionel was born on December 17th, 1913. He stayed in Java under the careful protection of his loving parents till the family decided to move to Japan and settle in Yokohama.

A year after the removal, young Galstaun was greeted by Mr. Higli's joyful smiles, and under his careful tutorship, he grew to learn a little bit of the wily ways and recurring hazards of this weary world. That is now ten years ago, when I made acquaintance with a little cheerful kiddo, who is presently on the verge of graduation.

Lionel is a stout young man whose robustness of frame was exaggerated into "Fatty" by his nicknaming comrades. At first sight, one would judge him to be an easy-going student; the appearance in his case belies such a suspicion, since Lionel is an exceptionally hard and earnest worker; and the results of his work have proved this fact too well. In one respect he is easy going, in that, namely, of bearing insults which somehow can never succeed in penetrating his heart; let anybody try to recall ever having seen him angry.

No doubt this extremely pacific trend in his nature accounts for the wonderfully successful manner in which he has coped with the difficult responsibilities that confronted him as Business Manager of the Forward. The success of the last three issues are the direct outcome of his conscientious efforts.

In mathematics, science and literature, Lionel has made a real name for himself at the College. In painting and sketching, however, he does not make a hit, since nobody can be a real "Jack of all-trades." He compensates for his shortcomings in one art by his attainments in another, for he is an accomplished violinist, and you ought to hear him.

"Fatty" quite unexpectedly made a great hit in the play called "Le Docteur Oscar," where my reader will have to picture him as the big father of the "Docteur." Lionel proved to be an able actor.

Lionel Galstaun, having entered the College at the first class, and having successively completed each year's curriculum, is now at the end of the cycle, and will continue his studies in Chemical Engineering at the University of Dayton. Being a gifted hard worker and a good-natured young man, I have no doubt that his career will be crowned with success, and together with his companions, we wish him our very best in all his undertakings.



Lewis L. Shatu

MYRIADS of stars twinkling over the city of Kobe formed a silent yet expressive corps of witnesses to Lewis' debut in this world of hail and wail some sixteen years ago. I had better give the exact date in anticipation of the time when our hero will be a celebrity and the world will be scoured for data regarding the early days of Lewis L. He was born March 10, 1913. At the tender age of six, fresh from the St. Maur's convent, our worthy took a cautious peep into Mr. Higli's class and finding the prospects not a little alluring, decided to stay. A brief sojourn in Shanghai marks the only interruption to his otherwise continuous residence in S.J.C. Living in Yokohama during the pre-quake days, he was a source of constant apprehension and distress to his nurse, his natural vivacity and spiritedness leading him into all sorts of boyish escapades. Then it was that his parents took him to live in Antung but, far as it was from the old school, the call was stronger, and Lewis faithfully returned.

From his earliest years, Lewis proved a budding athlete and never failed to appropriate to himself the lion's share of

prizes, whenever the annual field day would come. It is only in more recent times that our hero preferred a slow-down by taking it athletically easy. Soccer however, is not to be included in this category. Lewis has shown much enthusiasm for this sport, and practice coupled with his brilliant prowess, has enabled him to contribute not a little to the successful season of the team. But despite his easy-going nature, Lewis is an earnest student and well deserves the scholastic success he has achieved.

Referring to his scholastic activities, his deep reasoning abilities and wonderfully retentive memory enable him to grasp with ease the intricacies of mathematics and science; in these departments, he likes to bring up objections and down proofs as to the theories propounded by his fellow-classmates.

The tentacles of our inborn curiosity have repeatedly pried into Lewis' real inner character and have as repeatedly drawn a complete blank. Come to know Lewis, and you will find him a sterling good chap at heart, though at prima facie he seems somewhat aloof and forbidding; his friendships are bound by ties that are fast and true, and woe to him who dares belittle his friend's name before Lewis.

L.L.'s accomplishments are varied and somewhat opposed to his mildly lethargic nature; for instance he is very fond of skimming along the ice at full speed during the winter and has latterly taken to full-go motor-cycling. This latter hobby has undoubtedly terrified more than one pedestrian and it is very likely that not a few will be glad of the day he breaks his neck,—and in this respect, his prospects are bright. Something more consistent with Lewis' nature, is his musical propensity. From early childhood our worthy manifested his musical inclinations, and has been taking lessons ever since. But even here there is an element of speed that makes up for the sedentary immobility of the body; it is a treat to watch his very long fingers flash up and down the keys of a piano with the accomplished ease and speed that is the hall mark of an artist. Besides the piano, L.L. has made heroic attempts at manipulating the saxophone, but I am quite sure that none of us have reason to regret our absence from the field of action during those days of enthusiastic practice.

As to his ambitions, Lewis L. has never surrendered even a little to his inquisitors. But rumour has it that our worthy intends to live up to his namesake, Bernard Shaw, and fill the world with first class literature, supposing he be willing to sacrifice a world's record in motor-cycling. If that be true, he is under way to the hall of fame, and judging from his successful management of the Sports section of the Forward, will surely come to secure a niche there. Here's hoping.....



Sunao Takata

IT was in the spring of 1926 when the present graduates were still Freshmen, that the class welcomed Sunao Takata then fresh from the states. Born in California he there received his primary education. Since three years he has been a resident of his beloved country where he enjoys his days in company with his grandfather.

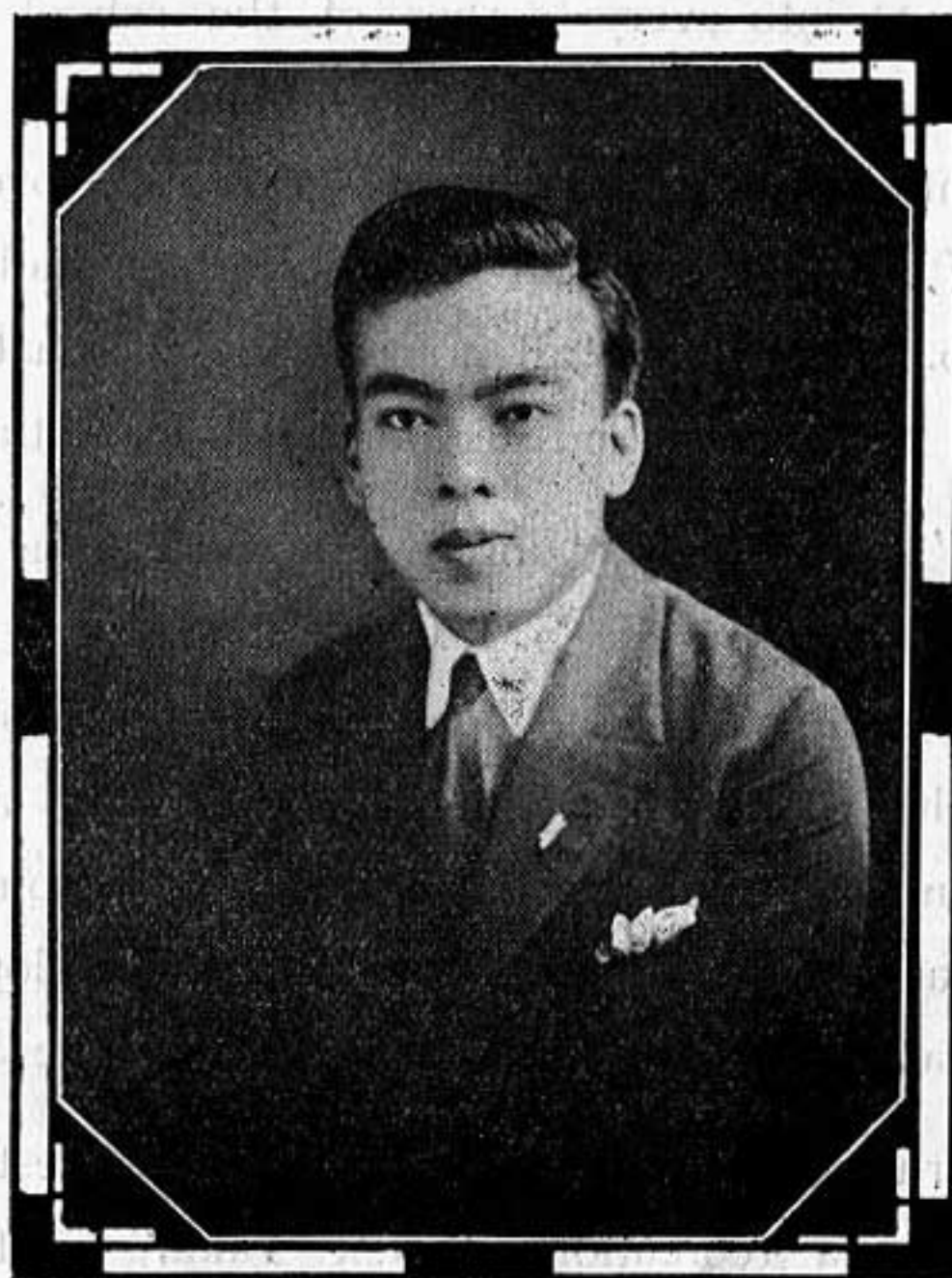
His ready command of English astounded all his classmates, who were deceived at first sight by his name and appearance. He soon became one of the two "Taka's" and steadily climbed the ladder of education; often leading the class, he now shares the common glory of the remaining ten. We know

not much about his memorable years in the States, but from his very first days at College, "Taka's" flashy smile beamed quiet merriment into every corner of the school. His high ability in literature repeatedly raised him above his classmates. Though a difficult task, he gradually, overcame the intricacies of the mathematical branches which had long been his Waterloo. And above all none of his classmates are able to outdo his high speed and accuracy in typewriting.

"Taka" takes a great interest in sports; the responsible positions of catcher on the S. J. C. baseball team, and pitcher on the class team have been confided to him, besides that of center on the basketball quintet. His scoring and general versatility on the court are conspicuous. No one had ever seen him in athletic uniform, but the strongly developed muscles of his arms accounted for his skill in Putting the Shot.

An afternoon in a cozy room with an interesting book is a typical Takata recreation. "Ask Taka," is the general reference of those ambitious students seeking assistance on quizzes bearing on Dickens, Stevenson, Shakespeare and other classical authors. His accurate knowledge of literature sparkles out even on the campus. Never does he say "no," to anything asked of him; good-will is his trait.

Will he return to America? Or will he stay here in Japan? Nobody can answer that except himself.



Carlos Low Lopez

CARLOS Low Lopez—a long and rather bulky name for so small a human! Low more suits his stature, so Low he is to his classmates. But let not this lack of height prevent us from giving you the preliminary facts of this Don. He was born in Guatemala, Central America. There he spent his boyhood days, and succeeded in remaining humbly obscure. In 1921 he came to Japan with his brother. Entering our school in the fourth grade, by virtue of his mathematical ingenuity he passed without hitch to the sixth grade when a nasty incident occurred. It was that dastardly 1923 Quake which temporarily barred Low's progress in S. J. C. He left for Hong-Kong but returned to our midst in 1927, then joining this class in the Third High.

As I mentioned once before, Low is a crackerjack mathematician. His talents in this science are bent very considerably towards the peculiarities of Geometry. Hard problems are his bait, and if an explanation be wanted, he will invariably go thru the whole problem piece by piece, and when finished, he will calmly but just as invariably declare that there is nothing so staggering about it.

Carlos is *par excellence* a superb footballer besides being an all-round athlete. He is a very "Great Wall of China" to the vanguard of an invading team. As in Geometry, he delights in settling hard problems. In a breath taking moment, when the ball is but a few feet from the home goal, the goalie down and an opposing forward shooting, up bobs a head and back bounces the ball to his fellow teammates—the goal saved. Speed coupled with remarkable agility—Carlos.

Low has a fondness for cracking jokes and has consequently acquired the reputation of being a "reg'lar 'un." If you happen to feel depressed or otherwise out of sorts—you know that feeling—come to Carlos and he will be sure to cheer you up by spilling a "wooden one."

On the Forward Staff he fills the chair of Alumni Editor. All who desire encyclopaedic knowledge about our old boys should refer to him, and he will try to dig up the material wanted. His ambitions, however, do not lie in the journalistic line, but, as he has a pronounced liking for commerce and things commercial, he will proceed to the University of Dayton to study Commerce and Finance.

May the goddess of Fortune beam indulgently on our one and only Carlos!



Henry Luther

HENRY LUTHER, who under the sobriquet of Hippo, is one of "the illustrious ten," let out his first grunt of disapproval some ten years ago, when as I am told, he was undergoing punishment at the hands of Mr. Higli. Of his earlier years, all we know is that he was born in 1912; whether at that time he forecasted some of the traits by which we now identify him, cannot be said with certainty. Of his actual traits, however, the most conspicuous is his wagging tongue. It is quite dangerous to talk when he is around. The most innocent expression, receives from him its other meaning, and more than once this sarcastic turn has proved the discomfiture of an opponent.

On the campus, Henry is mostly a side-liner, and, though he is not prejudiced against sports, it may be said with truth that sports are not any of his worries in life.

On the other hand, he is quite high in his class work. Bookkeeping is his favorite branch, and it is but just to let the world of accountancy know that in him Mr. Antoni has turned out another trustworthy bookkeeper. Of him it has often been said that he practically cannot make a mistake, and the reason assigned is his consistent of *Slow but Sure* as his motto.

Shooting forms his favorite amusement. Nothing suits him more than a gun that can shoot straight, and an open field where he can display his marksmanship. Some people, probably out of envy, darkly hint that he does not take particular aim, and merely trusts to 'dumb luck' and shoots; whether this is true or not, I can not verify, but strangely enough he gets what he aims at.

In the line of music, he is very fond of playing the piano but his preferences are for the less troublesome way of securing good music viz., a good gramophone and a pack of decent records. When he starts his gramophone agoing, I defy anybody to lure him away from it. Like nearly every young man he is also a movie fan; all the latest information as to the programs at the various theaters may be had free for the asking from this jovial graduate.

Henry is never sad. He may have his moods, but these are so rare that he has hardly ever been caught glooming. His presence in the classroom is always heralded by a cheery "Hello" and a small pandemonium; Henry's voice predominates the din, and what he says is always, "Say, did anyone get that last trigs problem? I got it."

About his future, we are not so well-informed, as Henry likes to keep his ideas to himself. If he desires to continue what he did for the Forward, we can picture him, sitting on a well-padded chair, sucking on the end of his pencil—a poet. But it recently leaked out that he is going to be a bookkeeper, and judging by his penchant for figuring, we can but say that he has made a good choice. The College mourns the going of this happy-go-lucky young man.

EDITORIAL

FROM ONE STAGE TO THE OTHER

Geo. Meinzinger

THIS is the leafy month of June and soon our youthful orators will take to the stage. They will come forward in regulation attitude, with seasonal crick in the back and the standardized angle of inclination for head and bust, and with hands properly laid the one into the other; and they will deliver, to pop-eyed parents bursting with holy pride and to a host of friends melting with holier sympathy, the traditional message that we venture to summarize in the loud little word, "good-by." Even those among the young valedictorians who will not go anywhere at all, and those who will go round the corner to hold down a paper-weight job at a big man's desk, and those who will just stay home helping Pa or Ma—they will all simply have to say good-by, and most often they will megaphone it into FAREWELL.

Tho this be the common, ever-recurring burden of their song, the young outgoing orators are within their right in singing a classical tune. I don't say they are right in all the chance reasons they adduce for good-byeing themselves loose from their old academic home of yesterday; but they are within their right in expressing what they feel, more perhaps than they have hitherto felt anything of their lives, about the impending separation from the nursery of knowledge that gave them intellectual birth. We their teachers know that they must feel the separation since we feel it not a little ourselves. We have fathered these young men unto understanding and righteousness; we

have tried, thru the lengthening vista of years, to proffer them a sympathetic hand and a devoted heart; we have, in short, consistently labored to have them understand and apply the working principles of a truly good life. And now they are to go forth like so many Sir Launfals and win the arduous quest.

They are prepared, and not. We who, in all our course of years, have never been save by the side of young folks, know full well that collapses in adolescent, after-school life are not mere possibilities. Life, precious tho it be, is itself a school of preparation for the unending life of the hereafter and, with regard to this latter, it is one long, critical chance to make good or fail. Here, in the S. J. C. sanctum, our young June orators have had the future of plain living, with all the difficulties of the task, clearly explained to them. They have been given their working principles with everything, besides them, that can be given in a school true to its ideals.

But there is one thing that no school, no nursery of young minds and no palladium of innocent hearts can give to those whom, after most careful fostering, it sends out into the unfenced world to come to grips with the sheer business of life. That one thing is EXPERIENCE of life. Everybody knows the thousand and one factors that enter into the composition of that by-word; yet, not a single one of these—and some are far more critical than others—can even the best school pluck from the bosom of the grim future and analyze it before



Lewis Shaw, Carlos López, Henry Luther, Sunao Takata, Nicholas Didishko, Frederick Ganin, Rustam Mehta, Kiyoshi Takahashi, Lionel Galstaun, Mr. J. B. Gaschy, Mr. Jos. F. Jamning, Reginald Price

the eager gaze of the young; and it is precisely the young for whom experience is utter lack.

Lack of experience among our young is what makes their goodbye to the school ring so deep and sympathetic a note in our own souls. How we would fain give them the experience of life they seem so sorely to need, now that they are about to go from the stage of the school to that other stage on which it is so difficult, at times so precarious, to act well one's God-given part! The outgoing

young men themselves know in advance how the fond lingering gaze of Alma Mater, like that of a mother after a departing son, will somehow ever be searching them out among the increasing crowd of her banner students, and how she will be glad to learn that they have acquired the secret of growing in experience of life and profiting by it. So, as they unwittingly keep saying the selfsame word, they keep stirring up our hopes that good-by now may develop first into good life later, and finally forever.

Jazz

Lewis L. Shaw '29

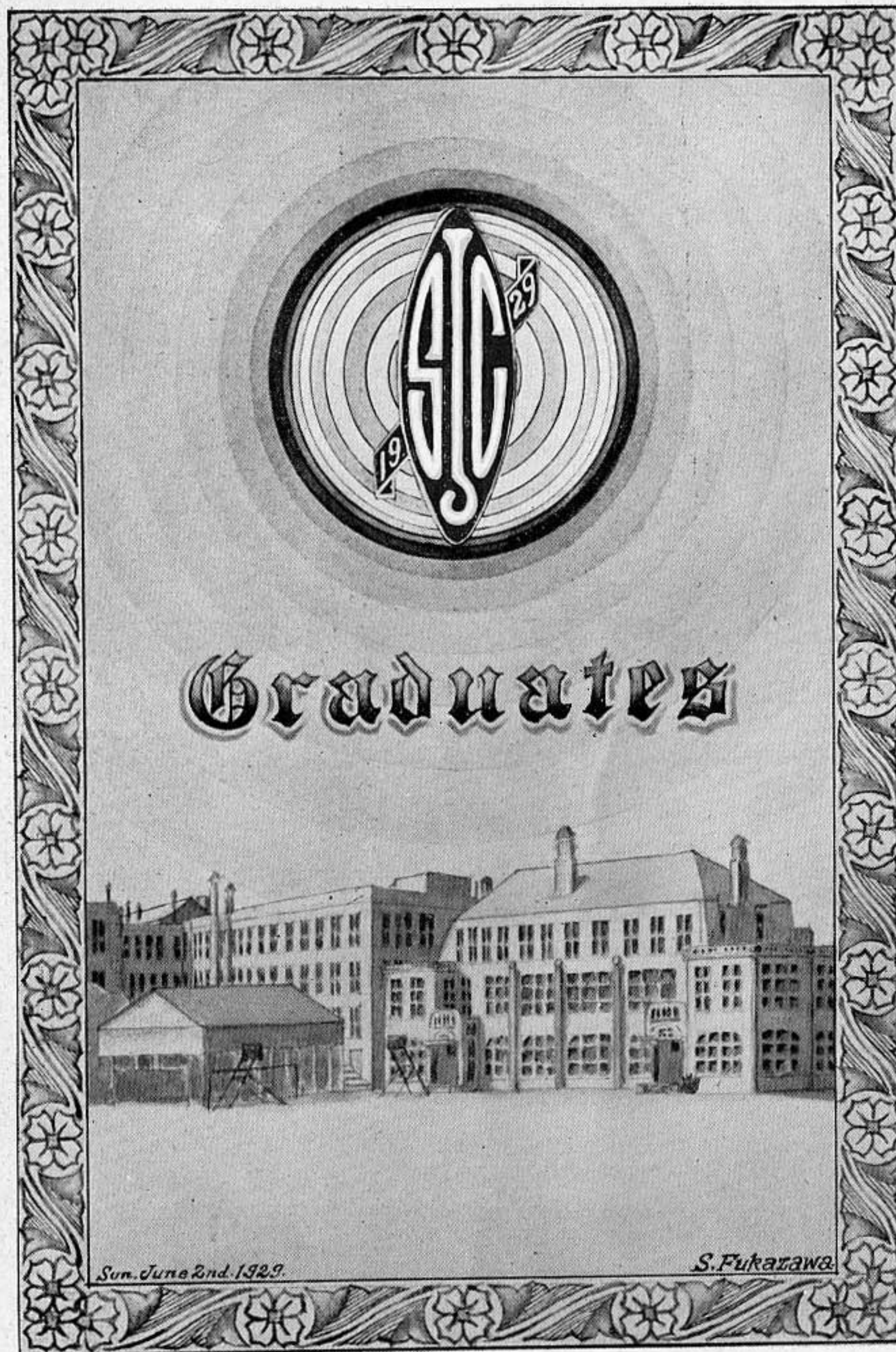
I FEEL I am like one born out of time to come forth at this present hour with something to say about a subject of discussion that seems long ago exhausted and, as such, void of interest. A famous English musical critic once defined jazz as a hybrid between Arabian and American music. While the proponents of jazz music might think it unjustifiable to dismiss their "own lovely one" in such brief and cursory terms, there is more than a grain of truth in the statement. The question therefore naturally arises "What then is jazz? Is it good or bad?"

Considered from a musical standpoint, jazz certainly cannot be classed as good; while to condemn it outright as bad, would be equally unjust, for certain forms of jazz are, to an extent, musically wholesome. Now, it would be good to observe how we stand upon the matter. Jazz is not good, neither is it bad; there-

fore it must be a creature of middle station, a sort of compromise or alternative. Somebody might claim nobility for it but, personally I must pronounce it a musical baronet.

Jazz is an indifferent form of music, following no definite theme and characterized by the prevalence of incarnation of syncopation. Since jazz and classical music are said to be diametrically opposed, a clear estimate of jazz may be gleaned by drawing up a parallel between the two.

Firstly, classical music appeals to the soul. Its chords reach and stir unknown depths. Every person possesses a sense of beauty. In some it is latent thru lack of cultivation, in others it is patently manifest. A beautiful classical melody will never fail to stir up the depths by gently agitating the aesthetic sense of any one person, provided he take the proper attitude towards it. On the other hand, jazz appeals mostly to the body and its moving powers. When



a jazz tune is being played one may notice that all the circle of listeners immediately grows active either by beating time or swaying rhythmically with the tune. Jazz evokes the desire to dance. Its wild syncopation renders persons restless. It has the power to sway and swing. Therein lies its value.

Secondly classical music follows a definite theme. Jazz does not. Jazz has no melody, no meaning. One is first astounded by a rattle of tin cans and a tooting of horns. Then a deafening slam and a crashing bang gives the long-suffering "soul of music" its quietus. The rest is but a variation of slam-bang. And so on. To enumerate all the specific differences between music and jazz would require more than a surface knowledge of the matter.

Beginnings

Lionel S. Galstaun '29

"BENE inceptum, dimidium facti." In any work, the beginning is the most difficult, and often the most important part of a task. A careful beginning assures success in that particular subject.

Take for example, the study of geometry. I have noticed that, as a rule, students find it easier than algebra. One reason is that geometry is more tangible than algebra; but there is a better one. Geometry is generally studied after algebra, and students beginning geometry are more serious in their studies than they usually are when they begin the study of algebra. Moreover, geometry is a subject which if neglected at any

I think that jazz as music is absolutely nil. No lover of symphony concerts will ever go to great pains in order to listen to a jazz number, no matter how popular it may be. His musical ear is simply jarred, and his aesthetic sense simply fails to respond. On the other hand a person who likes jazz cannot be blamed for feeling bored at a symphony concert. This discrepancy is largely a matter of taste, and that needs education. But jazz has its uses, say for dancing, for advertising etc. I am not merely condemning jazz, but rather criticizing. In fact, I can endure it, but knowing both types of music, I may presume an unbiased attitude. If you feel serious, if you wish to be stirred to the very depths of your soul, play a classic. If you feel gay, if you wish to get up and dance, play jazz.

point, is bound to cause trouble later. On the other hand, it is the consensus of opinion that, if geometry is not neglected in the beginning, it is one of the easiest branches of mathematics.

Another reason in favor of careful beginnings is the relative ease of all starts in any subject; it is the later complications that cause the roadside derelicts and floundering. But the later difficulties have, as it were, their own solution in the easier axioms of the beginning. They depend on something easy, which is the key to the solution of seemingly insurmountable problems.

Reason three: take business beginnings. They really are launched in

the classroom, where the future world of a commercial career is put to the student in an easy and attractive manner. This beginning is perhaps the most important factor for success later on. If this start is concisely and clearly laid out before the mind, business will provide no crushing difficulties, because of the simple reason that all hard propositions are solvable by a systematic application of easy truths.

Now, is it worth while to neglect the easy preliminaries of a business training, to be smothered with impediments rising from an inadequate preparation of commercial details? Hardly!

If this is the case in business and geometry, so it is with anything else. Watch your beginnings; what follows will care for itself.

Heaven's First Law

John Reginald Price '29

OBSERVATION is by sense, and knowledge is by observation. Therefore knowledge, or at least, much of it, is by sense-perception.

Watch two persons working for a solution, the one methodically and other at random, and observe each one's speed of attaining the result. The advantage is all on the side of the man of system. System however is largely an affair of tact and order with both issuing in a big economy of time. Try out the "system" knack some day by asking two desk men for a book or document. Suppose one loves order and the other disorder. The disorderly one may find right away the wanted book or document because of the accident of its being on top; but nine times out of ten, he will rummage and ransack the litter within, creating worse disorder than before were that possible, and likely end by not finding it. On the other hand, the orderly one will open his desk, scan the serried files and picking out the wanted book, leave his desk as neatly arranged as

it was before. The maintenance of order saves us much trouble and enables us to get what we want and when we want it.

Let an author write a story, but mix his ideas all up—the end in conjunction with the beginning, and all the parts promiscuously joined. What will the reader derive from it? A disorderly jumble of thoughts. Per contra, let the same story, with the same ideas, be correctly and orderly arranged and it becomes a gem. What makes the difference? Our ability to grasp the substance of the story, the trend of movement, in other words, clearness. Interest comes from clearness, inasmuch as our understanding comes from it. The same can be said of a teacher. What would the pupils learn from a lesson taught pell-mell? First of all their interest would lag because they would not be able to follow him; and then, even if they did try to listen, they would not get more than a confused jumble out of the ideas the teacher put forth. Contrariwise, the teacher

who holds the attention of his pupils is the one who exemplifies clearly and forcefully; for clearness helps understanding and understanding engenders interest.

Taking up the other side of the question, it is said that "out of disorder comes genius;" now just how far this is a pretext or a "damnable half-truth" or suchlike I will not venture to say. Nevertheless, from a little observation one will be convinced that the only element of genius that

can ever come out of disorder, is the ingenuity to make out anything at all from it. We freely admit that whoever can bring order out of chaos is some sort of a genius. It needs remarkable ingenuity for a person to find what he wants in a desk that is in a state of hopeless disorder. A burst of genius is a mental strain and a mental strain taxes our resources; hence disorder taxes our strength. From which we conclude that it is advisable in every case to preserve order—"heaven's first law."

Make Use of Your Summer Vacation

K. J. Takahashi '29

SOME people say that they cannot do any hard work during summer because it's so hot. Others think that the good old summer time is just the season for yielding to the lure of the fine arts. But any person can take advantage of the scorching summer heat to develop his will-power. If an individual is not anxious to cultivate his mind during summer, neither will he be disposed to cultivate in winter, nor, for that matter, for the rest of the year.

Summer is hot, but it affords chances which cannot be obtained in winter. Socrates has availed himself of the very negative thing we know as thirst for developing will-power. He happened once to be under arms. After a battle his comrades being thirsty, they searched for a spring whereat to refresh themselves. After long casting about they came across a clear stream, and fell to quenching their thirst; Socrates alone slaked his thirst in the unusual way by taking a draught of will-power. He silently

stared at the current. A comrade, surprised at his strange attitude asked: "Why do you not take a drink?" Socrates answered him: "I am thirsty, and I have a desire to drink like any one of you; but to test the strength of my self-denial, I have determined not to drink till I have been overcome by thirst."

Summer time will afford us innumerable opportunities for inflicting on our sluggish wills, those gratuitous exercises in will-power so wholesome for it. It may indirectly become the cause of our success not only in our studies but in all our work.

As a rule, even to read under a burning sun is certainly not a pleasant task. It is troublesome and annoying to settle down to hard work, but get down to work only to cultivate your mind. A trifle may accomplish you a hundred fold merit. Do not neglect to train yourself to become a man of strong will-power during this suffocating weather make use of your summer vacation.

FRANCAIS

S'IL L'AVAIT SU!

Reginald Price '29

Wolverton Marlowe demeurait dans une petite maison avec un Italien appelé Maestro Agozino, et tous deux s'entendaient à merveille. Un jour une lettre arriva pendant que l'Italien était sorti. M. Marlowe la voyant sur la table et pensant qu'elle lui était destinée l'ouvrit immédiatement sans regarder l'adresse. Bien vite il regretta cet acte précipité! La lettre était pour Maestro Agozino. Celui-ci revenant vers le soir, trouva la lettre ouverte. D'abord il ne parut pas en être fâché et demanda simplement à Marlowe s'il l'avait ouverte. Marlowe avoua que c'était lui, en effet, qui dans sa précipitation avait décacheté l'enveloppe. Lorsque l'Italien eut entendu l'aveu, il devint furieux et il se jeta sur Marlowe, un poignard à la main. Pour se défendre, Marlowe lui asséna un coup de poing sur le menton. L'Italien recula en chancelant et tomba juste sur la pointe de son poignard. Marlowe le regarda stupidement.....Le voilà devenu meurtrier... Le sort en est jeté, Marlowe est condamné à mort, car le jury ne veut pas ajouter foi à ses explications pourtant si vraies.

Le juge lui laissa une échappatoire: "Vous êtes condamné à mort, mais il y a bien un moyen qui puisse vous donner quelque chance de vivre. Voulez-vous en profiter?"

Marlowe répondit avec espoir: "Oui, monsieur, je le voudrais bien!"

"Alors," reprit le juge, "êtes-vous prêt à subir une opération pour le progrès de la science; une opération dans le dos qui vous donnera une chance sur cent de survivre."

"Puisque je dois mourir quand-même, j'aime autant le faire pour faire avancer la science."

Satisfait de cette réponse, le juge ajouta: "Jeune homme, ce sera bien pénible, car vous ne pourrez prendre aucun anesthésique."

Marlowe accepta néanmoins, et il fut reconduit dans sa cellule, où il attendit avec patience le moment de l'opération. A partir de ce jour, un jeune docteur, vint chaque jour, rendre visite à Marlowe. Il lui dit que son sacrifice était noble et que le crime qu'il avait commis serait amplement réparé. Mais il eut soin d'ajouter que la première coupure serait profonde, qu'on ne pourrait pas lui faire prendre de chloroforme à cause de la nature de l'opération, que cela ferait terriblement mal, mais qu'il avait peut-être une chance de survivre. Marlowe fut vivement impressionné mais résigné.

Enfin le jour de l'opération arriva et Marlowe fut d'abord introduit dans une chambre blanche. On le mit sur une table également très blanche qu'on poussa dans une autre chambre. Là, Marlowe vit un interne en train de faire divers préparatifs. Après un quart d'heure de terrible attente, quatre docteurs entrèrent dans la chambre. Marlowe fut couché sur le

ventre et les docteurs commencèrent à désinfecter la peau du dos. "A présent," dit l'un d'eux, "la première entaille. Ce bonhomme paraît être très solide, mais il n'est pas du tout certain qu'il puisse supporter cette première opération. Néanmoins commençons."—Marlowe est déjà tout couvert de sueur. Il sent le couteau couper dans son dos. La coupure devint de plus en plus profonde, et le condamné est conscient de la perte d'une grande quantité du plus pur de son sang, qui coule à droite et à gauche. Il entend l'un des docteurs dire. "Ah! je pense que c'en est fait de lui, son pouls est déjà très faible." Puis Marlowe perd rapide-

ment connaissance, et la mort ne tarde pas à s'en suivre.

Deux minutes après un docteur dit; "Il est mort, nous avons raison. Il est mort sans perdre une seule goutte de sang, mort par suggestion." En effet un petit morceau de glace avait servi de couteau et une solution tiède d'amidon avait remplacé le sang. L'imagination avait fait le reste. Notre théorie sur l'auto-suggestion est juste." Et se tournant vers le jeune docteur qui avait visité Marlowe dans sa prison, il ajouta: "Merci, monsieur, vous avez admirablement joué votre rôle. La suggestion était parfaite. Merci, monsieur, encore une fois, merci."

ORIGINE DU JEU D'ECHECS

Lionel S. Galstaun '29

Dans les Indes un roi avait fait la guerre à tous ses voisins et les avait subjugués. Dans son pays agrandi et entouré de hautes montagnes, il ne trouva plus personne à combattre. Alors il dit à la cour: "Me voilà bien embarrassé, je commence à m'ennuyer. Impossible d'attaquer mes voisins par-delà la montagne. Ils ne m'ont fourni aucun prétexte de faire la guerre et si je les attaque on m'appellera un tyran. Je donnerai n'importe quoi à qui me procurera une bonne distraction."

Parmi ses auditeurs, au milieu de toute une assemblée de flatteurs, se trouvait un sage qui entendit ces mots et ne reparut plus à la cour pendant une semaine. Quand on le revit, il apporta une planche divisée en soixante-quatre petits carrés, et trente-deux petites statuettes. "Sire, dit-il en

s'adressant au roi, vous avez promis n'importe quoi à quiconque réussirait à vous procurer une bonne distraction. Voici de quoi vous satisfaire." En même temps il rangea ses pièces sur le damier et expliqua ce nouveau jeu. Le roi au comble du bonheur lui dit: "Demande-moi ce que tu désires et je te le donnerai, fût-ce la moitié de mon royaume."—"Votre Majesté est trop bonne, répondit le sage. Je ne désire qu'une chose, mais je ne sais si vous pouvez me l'accorder. Je ne veux ni or ni argent, ni terre, donnez-moi seulement un grain de blé pour le premier carré de cette planche, deux pour le second et doublez ainsi la quantité pour chaque carré suivant."—"Qu'à cela ne tienne, répondit le souverain. J'y ajouterai encore quelques sacs de roupies." Et ordre fut donné à l'intendant de régler les

comptes. Au bout d'une heure le ministre revint l'air consterné.—Sire, impossible de satisfaire le sage. Le monde entier ne produit pas les 18, 446, 744, 073, 709, 551, 000 grains nécessaires pour satisfaire votre hôte. Quand le sage revint pour recevoir son salaire, il vit le roi bien conscient de sa promesse irréfléchie et bien humilié dans son orgueil.

—Savez-vous ce que vous m'avez demandé?—dit le roi.

—Oui, sire, répond le sage, mais vous ne saviez pas ce que vous me promettiez. Que cela serve de leçon à votre Majesté. Pour moi, je suis satisfait de l'honneur d'avoir inventé un jeu qui amusera bien des peuples.

Il dit vrai, car de nos jours encore, on joue à travers tout l'univers ce nouveau passe-temps et qui s'appelle le jeu d'échecs.

UN ACCIDENT

H. Luther '29

Vous ne connaissez pas M. Jones? Oh! si vous le connaissez! C'est un bien brave homme, membre dévoué de la S. P. C. A. cette société protectrice des animaux qui prend soin des chats et des chiens et laisse bien des hommes mourir de faim.

L'autre jour, quand après un bon déjeuner M. Jones se rendit à son bureau, il rencontra en route une voiture très chargée. Le cheval semblait fatigué. M. Jones marche droit sur le voiturier et lui ordonne de donner au cheval quinze minutes de repos. Le voiturier voyant ce petit homme trapu se mêler des affaires d'autrui ne veut pas entendre raison. Heureusement pour le cheval, M. Takemura, le secrétaire de M. Jones vint à passer par le même chemin et son patron lui commanda de rester là pour faire exécuter son ordre. Le voiturier impressionné par la force herculéenne du secrétaire s'arrête, s'assied sur le rebord du trottoir, prend sa pipe et fume un coup pendant que son cheval reprend haleine.

Quelques minutes après une moto-

cyclette arrive à toute vitesse. Le cycliste voit la voiture au tournant, mais freine trop tard. Il se flanque contre la voiture et se casse une jambe. Une grande foule ne tarde pas à se rassembler sur le lieu de l'accident.

Enfin, comme toujours, un peu tard, arrive le gendarme. Il demande au voiturier pourquoi il reste là. Celui-ci répond que c'est parce que ce grand Takemura lui a donné ordre de stopper la voiture. Le secrétaire à son tour est obligé de s'expliquer. Enfin le gendarme pour vérifier les faits emmène M. Takemura au bureau de M. Jones. Ce respectable membre de la S.P.C.A. doit aller au commissariat de police. Le gendarme s'y est déjà rendu pour faire son rapport.

M. Jones va donc voir le gendarme. Celui-ci en le voyant venir se lève va à sa rencontre et commence à lui faire des excuses, "Pardonnez-nous de vous avoir dérangé. Tout est en règle, monsieur, vous pouvez rentrer chez vous." M. Jones est très surpris.

Il n'y comprend rien. Mais, rentrant dans son bureau il reçoit l'explication de l'énigme. Pendant l'absence du gendarme on avait transporté le blessé dans un hôpital on ne sait où. Le

voiturier sa pipe une fois fumée continua son chemin. Et comme le gendarme avait oublié de prendre les noms des délinquants, il n'y avait plus aucune raison d'arrêter M. Jones.

LES PÊCHEURS

R. S. Mehta '29

Quand nous jouons dans la cour nous pouvons voir des centaines de barques aux voiles blanches monter et descendre la baie de Tokyo. Ce ne sont pas des parties de plaisir, ce sont des barques de pêcheurs en train de procurer une nourriture agréable à des millions de Japonais.

Les pêcheurs japonais mènent une rude existence, sans aucun espoir de voir poindre un jour la richesse dans leurs immenses filets. Il n'y a point d'indépendance pour eux, mais ils sont membres d'une association à la tête de laquelle se trouve un vieillard qui a un pouvoir absolu. Ces pêcheurs arment un bateau de pêche appelé "sampan" plus ou moins grand suivant la fortune et les moyens de la corporation. Le sampan ordinaire avec un équipage de douze à quinze personnes est muni de quatre godilles. Récemment les sampans à moteurs sont devenus chose assez commune. Les barques travaillent toujours deux par deux, chacune portant une extrémité d'un immense filet qui est traîné sur une longue distance. Le filet est ramené de temps en temps, plein de poissons, à la surface. Dans certaines régions quand la pêche a été trop abondante on met les pois-

sons vivants dans d'immenses paniers en osier. Ces paniers munis d'un couvercle flottent presque complètement submergés dans une baie abritée, et ainsi les malins pêcheurs peuvent fournir même par mauvais temps du poissons frais aux appétits nippons. En été on voit aussi des pêcheurs occupés pendant la nuit à leur dur travail. Chaque barque porte une forte lumière et ce spectacle étrange d'une cinquantaine de feux se promenant sur l'océan est souvent admiré par les étrangers.

Mais tout n'est pas rose dans la vie de ces braves gens. La pêche est parfois infructueuse et alors il faut faire contre mauvaise fortune bon cœur. D'autres fois la tempête et le mauvais temps ne permettent pas de faire du travail pendant plusieurs jours et il faut vivre sur les réserves s'il y en a. Mais le plus terrible c'est de lire de temps en temps qu'ici ou là, vingt, trente, soixante "sampan" manquent à l'appel: le typhon les a surpris en haute mer et tout espoir de les retrouver est à jamais perdu.

Quel rude métier pour ces pauvres gens qui ballotés par les vagues finissent souvent par perdre la vie en travaillant à soutenir celle des autres.



By Sunao Takata '29

Zeiss Epidiascope

A splendid epidiascope of Carl Zeiss K.K. make has been added to the laboratory. This new instrument will greatly assist the teachers in their method of presenting material to their classes. The variable use of the epidiascope is such as to make it a handy Andy for almost every course of study.

Ganin Safe

The Senior class greatly rejoiced upon hearing of the successful operation on one of their favorite classmates, F. Ganin. He was operated for appendicitis in Harbin. Hoping you a speedy recovery.

Visit to Nipponophone Co.

The students of the physics course were privileged to visit the new plant of the famous Nipponophone Records in Kawasaki, thru the courtesy of Mr. L. Gillingham. At the plant Mr. Iwasaki with his excellent English, acted as guide and with his

clean-cut explanations of the details every student understood the objects explained. The plant being unusually clean and systematic, the boys had no trouble viewing the entire process from the raw material to the finished records.

Baseball

Enthusiasts of the favorite American pastime can now be assured that the S.J.C. possess a really fine diamond with the addition of an splendid steel-framed backstop. Interclass games are now in full swing and with the firm backstop a real game can be had.

New Well

Down, down, down the digger went until he reached a stream of cool clear water at 92 feet below the surface. This water will serve the school for its flushing services and also for laying the dust of the playground. Here is hopes that the dust lies dead forevermore.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Silver Marshal radio set presented by Mr. A. Manley of Yokohama is the latest acquisition of the physical laboratory. This beautiful gift of Mr. Manley fills a long felt vacancy. When connected to the Columbia-Kolster the entire student body may listen in. It is our pleasure to recall that Mr. Manley was the one who suggested the Columbia-Kolster and backed up his idea with a hundred yen.

Mr. L. Gillingham who presented two hundred yen for the Columbia-Kolster followed up his gift with a further contribution of records.

Mr. R. Onishi was so delighted to see the boys enjoy the use of the large playground (still shackled by a debt of ¥12,000) that he presented three hundred yen to help along.

Mr. I. Jackson gave fifteen yen toward the playground fund. Our thanks Mr. Jackson.

Mr. D. Kennedy presented a large assortment of minerals to the chemical laboratory. Mr. Kennedy is a student of mineralogy and at present is doing much work for the Imperial University in regard to earthquake studies. Mr. Kennedy gave several of his translations on Japanese Earthquake Studies to the college library.

When Msgr. Fr. A. Thill of Cincinnati was here and saw the needs of the science laboratories he made a gift of several hundred yen to push it a step forward. It is with these helps that we are able to go ahead in the important work of forming our young men to lives of higher pursuit.

Bro. Theodore Pluemer of Pittsburg was pleased to send two very convenient microscopes for the botanical class. These Lomora microscopes are of concentrated form and power and very handy for field work.

Rev. Walter Tredtin and his associates of Mount Saint John, Dayton Ohio, have sent us chapel supplies to the amount of several hundred dollars. Our most cordial thanks!

Bro. Joseph Daeges of Holy Rosary School, Dayton Ohio, has furnished us with a donation for supplying a first-class, made-to-order pamphlet rack and has hinted that he intends to keep interested in its successful management.

Bro. Joseph Stamler, Director of Holy Redeemer's School, Detroit Michigan, has kindly offered to send for the indoor-games locker a half dozen decks of playing cards together with a copy of Hoyle's standard encyclopedia in aid of getting the full benefit out of them. He too has expressed his desire of welcoming further opportunities to show our young folks his warm sympathy and to help make their school recreations pleasant and profitable. Recognize the experienced teacher in that!

Bro. Fred Junker, Director of Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill. thought of the needs of the science laboratory and arranged to send us a high class vacuum pump. Many new experiments will be possible as soon as this gift of our friend is installed. He is a repeater!

Bro. John Hettich of Belleville, Ill. wished to share in pushing the science department forward so he sent on his gift. A true friend indeed.

PLEASE DO NOT READ

THE following beggarly account of empty boxes unless you believe with Thomas Carlyle that "the true University of these days is a collection of books." The subject *books* is inexhaustible but it is just books that one needs to make a library. It is said that people are not usually better than the books

of knowledge and wisdom - drinking at which is the sole reason why the students frequent the school at all aswellas the sole occupation they pursue whilst frequenting it.

We have founded a central library here at St. Joseph College at the beginning of the present scholastic year. Before that year runs out, we desire to button-hole the book-lovers among the Forward clientele, to point out to them our infant central library (see accompanying cut),



George Walker

Stuart M. Manley

they read. According to an old Greek inscription, a man's library is the medicine chest of his soul. What then should be a school's library, if not a nursery of the young minds that grow to maturity there? It is impossible to exaggerate the rôle of the school library as a perennial source of the waters

and to tug gently yet persuasively at the heart-strings of their sympathy in aid of making the infant grow into a robustious and serviceable youth.

College Central Library sounds pre-tentious but *we* can't help that for so the words lie; that, however, for which the perk name stands is something quite unpretentious. Just

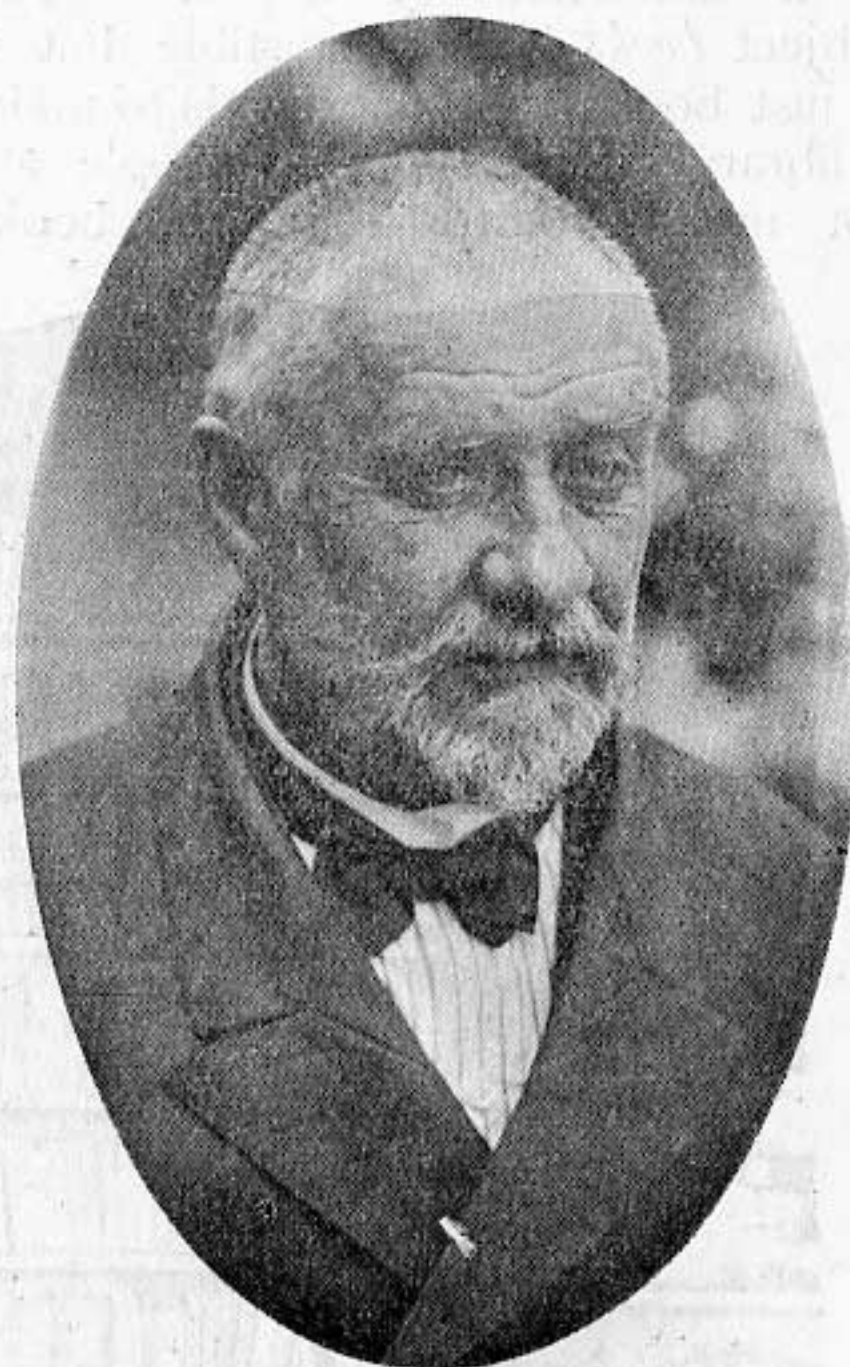
picture to yourself a supernumerary classroom with some plain shelves along one of its four walls and there you've got it. If needs be, refer once more to the cut. College Central Library has no features save, perhaps, negative ones. It has no founder; hence its queer name. The shelves, as everybody can see, are gapingly ill-stocked. The books that managed to secure a berth on them are, in good part, a motley array of battered, broken and often mutilated veterans of by-past times, and, I have it on the reliable testimony of the faculty custodian, they cannot form into a regiment because several companies have still to be enlisted.

Student Stuart Manley has the only distinction that the library can record: he put a trim little tie on the baby donating the shelf named after himself. Nobody need get excited over the accident of his coming along first because there is "powerful lots of room" for improvement in storing some all-empty and many half-empty shelves of this one-wall central library.

We ask the Forward book-lovers to send us their castaways, their derelict sets of Scott or Stevenson or Dickens or Lytton or any such, aswellas other books their loving interest in the cause of educating our youth might inspire them to donate. We will gratefully accept these mute ambassadors of their sympathy and treasure them as memorials of our indebtedness to their generous hearts. We dare not make detailed suggestions as to kind and quality; yet, should any of our oldtime friends and regular helpers choose to write in for specifications, we shall be only too glad to declare our preferences.

Send communications or replies to this appeal to

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN
ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE
85 BLUFF, YOKOHAMA

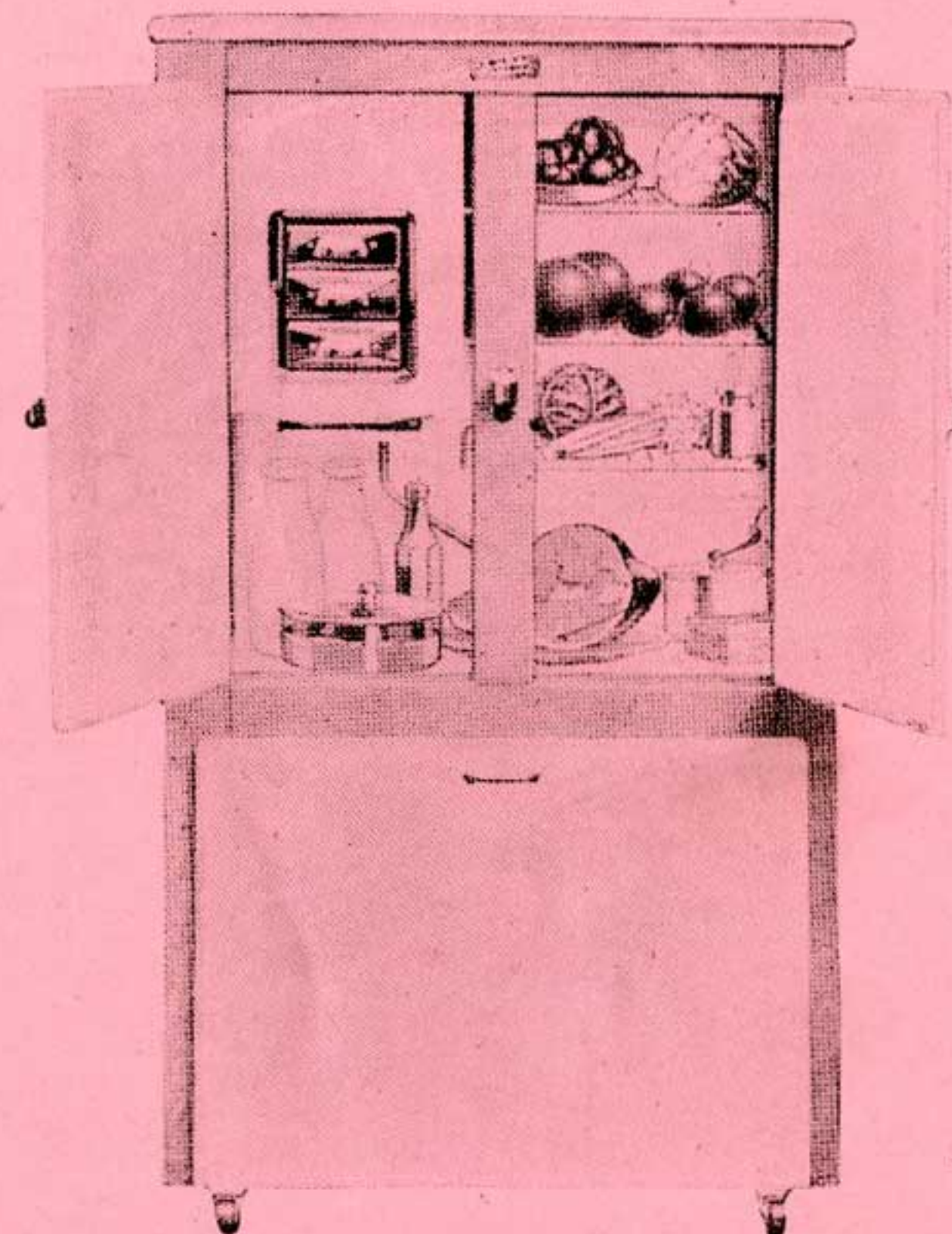


Mr. Francis Herner

Mr. Herner is expected to leave for America within the next few months. His career in Japan and Honolulu has been a long and honorable one. Thirty eight years ago he left the University of Dayton to take up his work of education.

The class of '29 together with the rest of the school wish him Bon Voyage.

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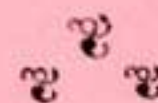
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JULY, 1929

45

LITERARY PRESCRIPTION

Found in an Old Teacher's Note Book

“For clearness, read Macaulay
For logic, read Burke and Bacon.
For action, read Homer and Scott.
For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception, read Milton.
For vivacity, read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination, read Shakespeare and Job.
For common sense, read Benjamin Franklin.
For elegance, read Virgil, Newman and Arnold.

For simplicity, read Burns and Whittier.

For smoothness, read Addison and Hawthorne.

For lofty, ennobling sentiment, for sympathy, candor and honesty, for comfort and consolation in affliction, and for the promise of the life which now is and of the life which is to come, read the BIBLE.”

The old teacher evidently did not know US else he would have inserted, right before the climactic finish something like, “For youthful enthusiasm in a beautiful oriental garb, read **The FORWARD.**”





By Carlos Low López '29

The Third Interport Dinner given by the Alumni Athletic Association of St. Joseph College at the Y. C. & A. C. on Monday May 28, was a grand success. Mr. M. Apar, president of the A. A. A. gave a spirited address followed by Mr. Gaschy and Mr. Heseltine, the president of the Y. C. & A. C.

In the recent **Track and Field Interport** many of the contestants were former S. J. C. men. The Old Boys, upon their arrival in Yokohama, paid a fleeting visit to their former teachers and visited the classes.

J. Hallinan is preparing to take up the study of law at Fordham University next September. As law is the key to many prominent positions we wish our former pupil success in his studies.

Vladimir Morgan has returned to Yokohama from Dairen. Upon his

return he presented a large school bell. We expect a "fire-spirit" will be injected into those who hear it for the bell once served in the fire department.

It is the little things of life that make it real and pleasant. Among the numerous letters and telegrams received by **Mr. J. B. Gaschy**, our Director, on the occasion of his being knighted there is one we quote:

"May I extend the heartiest congratulations on behalf of the St. Joseph Alumni. Your auspicious distinction is a source of pride and honour to all your Old Boys. Best wishes for a greater future. Personal regards." (signed) Harold Mason.

Harold Mason was married to **Miss Mary Simonds** of Kobe early in May. It is our delight to congratulate them and to extend our sincerest best wishes.

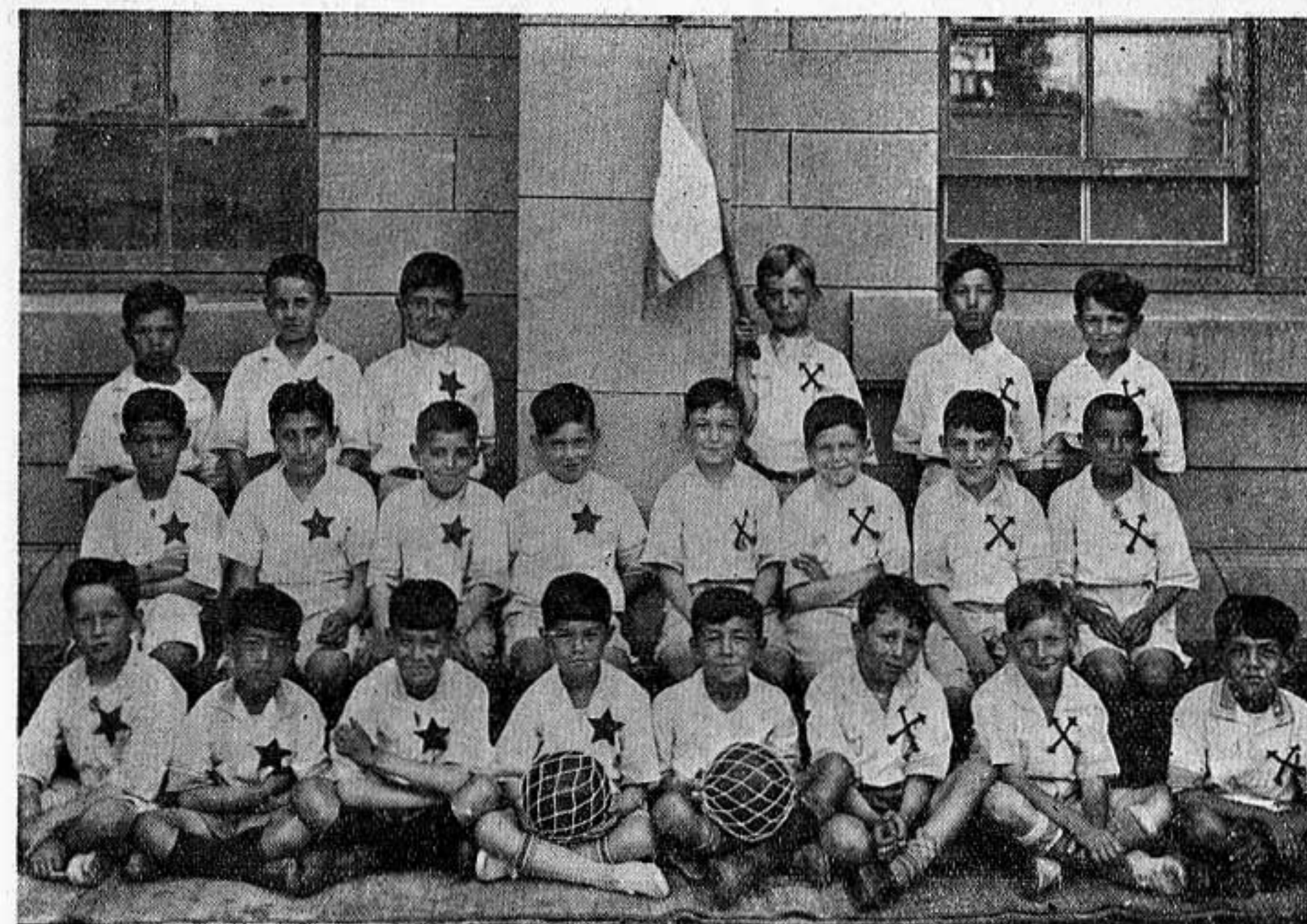
A. A. A. BASKETBALL INTERPORT

The long delayed basketball interport came off and was played at the local Y. M. C. A. The Yokohama "A" team was victorious over the visiting team while Kobe's "B" turned the tables on Yoko.

THE FIRST TEAMS

Yokohama won the first game by comfortable margin but very near 33 to 29. This game was not so unbalanced as the above figures indicate, though of course, Yokohama had the advantage of a familiar floor. The score see-sawed a good deal until the very last minute. Yokohama lost the second game. In the first half Yokohama led by a comfortable margin but very near the close of the game, Kobe made a phenomenal rally and succeeded in winning the game by 39 to 34. In the third game, Yokohama routed Kobe by the score of 45 to 27. H. Walker and W. Fehlen of the local team and F. Schirmir of Kobe were the leading players.

These boys played 65 games during the past months, The Arrows won the Championship Series



J. Bryden, G. Agajan, O. Pettersson, H. Daniels, H. Fernandez, Y. Sisikin, Guizard, V. Galstaun, O. Troyanovsky, D. Charlesworth, R. Cooke, Y. Sarajinsky, Ph. Ettele, M. Luther, Enikeieff, P. d'Aquino, J. Hay, W. Blamey (Capt.), G. Thomas (Capt.), D. Russell, J. Meyers, E. Saito

The "B" Teams These teams were more balanced than the first teams. Two games settled this series. Kobe won the first one by one foul shot and the second one by one basket. Kobe had the better team, though Yokohama had some very clever players. Both games were characterized by a neck to neck score, W. Dewitt being the outstanding Kobe player, while the credit of a large number of points goes to Paul Fehlen.

Harold Mason who for several years was the president of the Alumni Association, has always been a true and loyal supporter of the College.

Murat Agafuroff '25 married Miss Sophia Ageoff of Harbin on May 12. It is a pleasure for the Forward Staff to congratulate Murat in his happy choice. Several years ago

Murat was an active member of the Forward Staff and since then has been a regular subscriber.

From Berlin comes the glad news that **Frank Lubben** will wed Miss Erna Histermann. They will make their home at 53 Wilhelm Kaiser Street Berlin-Lankwiz. We are happy to recall that Frank gained a high reputation as an artist while attending St. Joseph College.

Charles J. Pedersen '22 of Pennsylvania Grove N. J. sent us ten yen for his subscription to the Forward. Here is another case of a fine S. J. C. spirit.

Mr. Joseph Gomes '04, who is now the owner of a 4,000 acre Philippines sugar plantation visited his Alma Mater while on his way to Cleveland Ohio.



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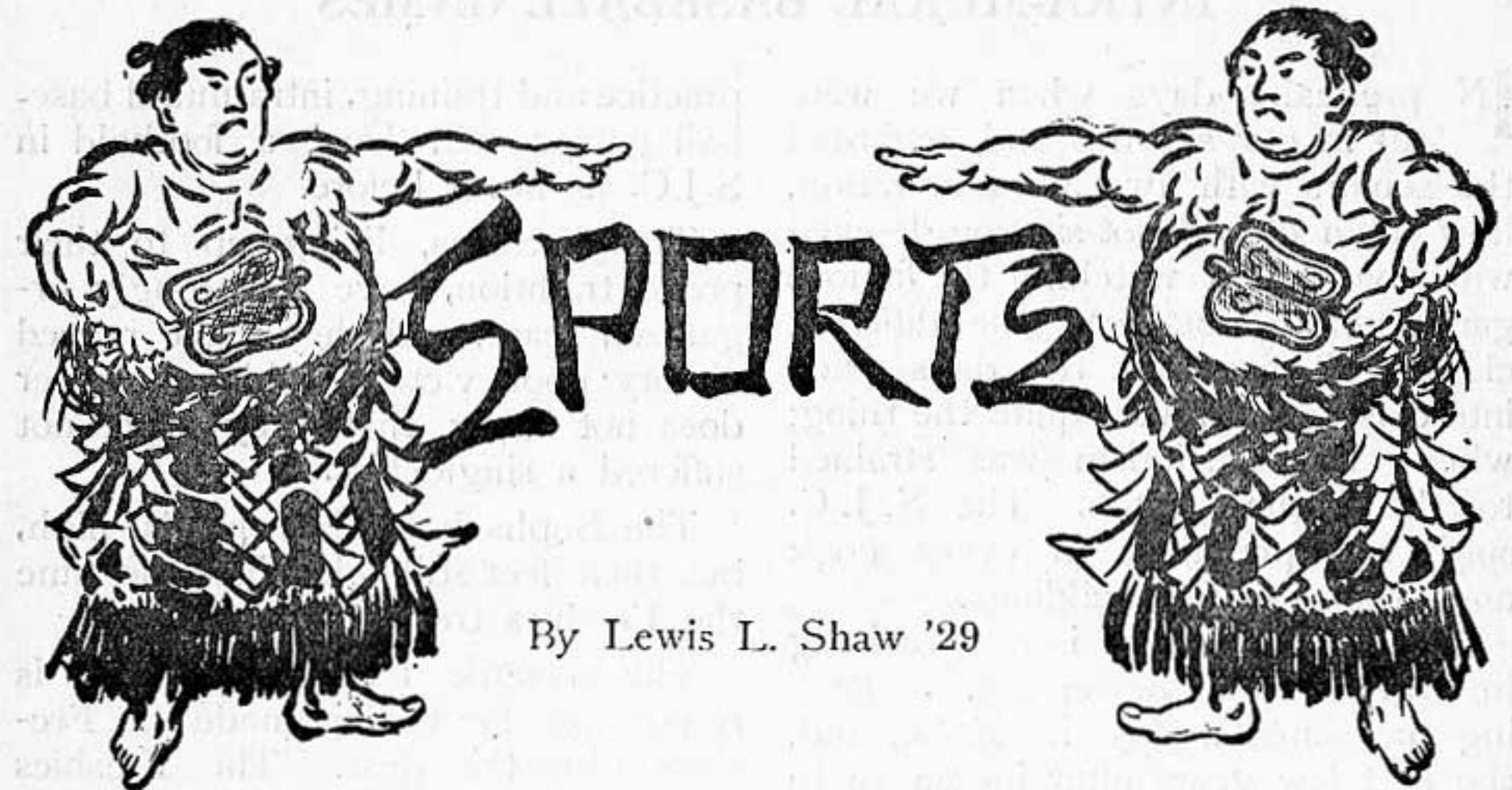
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By Lewis L. Shaw '29

COLLEGE FIELD DAY

JUNE 4th, the long anticipated day, dawned bright and clear. S.J.C.'s wing-footed Hermes of the cinder path met at the Y.C. & A.C. grounds to wrestle for the palm of victory. The major races were scheduled for the morning and started a 9 A.M.

The curtain raiser, the Senior 100yd. Dash, was a brilliant flash; Charley Boyd breasted the tape in 11 seconds flat, with Turner a very close second. S. Takata, our best man with the lump of lead, failed to establish a new record. In the hop step and jump, Turner smashed the old record of 40 ft. 1 in., by leaping 40 ft. 6 in., 5 inches above the former mark.

In the afternoon a number of funny races were reeled off for the amusement of the spectators, while there were also races for the visitors' children.

Towards 5 o'clock the prizes for the different divisions were distributed by M. le Bellefon the French Consul. The beautiful Dresser Pentathlon Cup was given to student Turner for scoring the most points in five events, while the Galstaun Cup also went to the same for being the best all round athlete of the year.

Everyone voted the Spring Sports a grand success.

The first three successful contestants for the different divisions were: Seniors: 1st, T. Turner, 2nd, R. Price, 3rd C. Boyd.

1st Juniors: 1st, O. Low, 2nd, K. Hay, 3rd, F. Mourier.

2nd Juniors: 1st, H. Onishi, 2nd, B. Tretiakoff, 3rd, S. Sano.

3rd Juniors: 1st, M. Dave, 2nd, K. Ishikawa, 3rd, S. Sakai.

INTRA-MURAL BASEBALL GAMES

IN prequake days when we were still in our shorties and regarded the seniors with awe and admiration, how often did we not sit goggle-eyed with excitement watching the famous games played between the different classes. Those were the days when interclass games were quite the thing; when class patriotism was strained to the highest pitch. The S. J. C. spirit was prevalent in every nook and cranny of the buildings.

Much of this spirit is now reviving in a greater and newer S.J.C. During the school's stay in Kobe, and the first few years after its return to Yokohama, we were not given much to worrying about intra-mural games. But now, thanks to an extensive playing field, and plenty of equipment, the different classes are enabled to hold matches which receive as much enthusiastic support as formerly. As in the old days, they are now the thing, and class patriotism waxes very high indeed. Each class has a properly organized team of its own, besides a systematized band of rooters. Given a few more months of

practice and training, intra-mural baseball games will have a foothold in S.J.C. as never before.

The Freshies, living up to their proud tradition, have a strongly organized team, and they have reaped victory upon victory, which however does not imply that they have not suffered a single loss.

The Sophs hold their heads high, but their feet still ache since the time the Freshies trod on their corns.

The versatile fifth grade team is responsible for having made the Freshies bite the dust. The Freshies haven't got over it yet.

The high and mighty Seniors routed the Juniors twice before them by the almost laughable scores of 19 to 9 and 21 to 3. As our Latin professor has it: "The Seniors receive a leather (or was it gold) medal for excellence in baseball, while the Juniors receive a gold (or was it leather) medal for excellence in Latin."

(With due apologies to our Latin Professor, and to the Juniors.)

MINIM FOOTBALL GAMES

The Soccer squad have laid aside their uniforms and boots for the year, but the Minims determined to continue the good work of their elders. A desire to imitate the wonderful achievements of the soccer squad has urged

them on to strenuous and constant practice. The Blues and Whites have continued on their traditional lines of enmity, and cannot lay off attacking each other. So far they have been victorious by games. (See page 46)



By Frederick S. Ganin '29

The codfish lays a million eggs,
And the hen but one,
But the codfish does not cackle
To tell us what she's done.

No one cares for codfish eggs,
But the hen's eggs many prize,
Which ought to indicate somehow
That it pays to advertise.

Wife: Now that I've had my hair
bobbed, I don't think I look so
much an old lady?

Husband: No, my dear. Now you
look like an old man.

"Why do the Scotch like basket-
ball?"

"They enjoy the free throws."

"He put on speed, thinking he could
beat the train to it."

"Did he get across?"

"He will as soon as the tombstone
maker has finished it."

One of the fraternity brothers failed
in all the courses he was taking.
He telegraphed to a sympathetic
mother. "Failed in all subjects.
Prepare Papa."

Mother telegraphed back: "Papa
prepared. Prepare yourself."

Questions ?

It was the little girl's first visit to
the museum. "These," exclaimed
her mother, "are the mummies."
After a bit she asked, "Aren't there
any daddies?"

First and Last

Financial difficulties were alas!
causing their first row. She said
she should never have married
him.

"I wish," she said, tearfully, "you'd made your money first."
 "I wish," he said, ruefully, "you'd make my money last."

Utopia

"My flivver is behaving in an extraordinary way"
 "What's up?"
 Well, I bought a carburetor that saves 30 per cent on gas, a timer that saves 50 per cent on gas, and a spark plug that saved 40 per cent. So after I'd gone five miles, the gas tanks overflowed.

Neighborly Note

On a card in the front window of a bungalow appeared this notice:
 "Saxophone for Sale."
 On a card in the window next door appeared one word:
 "Hurrah."

See-Saw

Lady (to tramp): "Did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"
 "Yes'm, I seen it."
 "That's bad grammar. You mean you saw it."
 "No'm. You saw me see it but you ain't seen me saw it."

Dry Land

"When Columbus discovered America, how did he know it was America?"
 "Because the lookout man said:
 "I see dry land, sir."

Fast

To the thin—"Don't eat fast."
 To the fat—"Don't eat. Fast."

Heart Trouble

"People who drink too much coffee," said the teacher, "get what is known as coffee heart, and people who use too much tobacco get the tobacco heart."
 The oldest pupil frantically waved his hand.
 "Well, what is it, Herbert?"
 "What I want to know is this: If a fellow eats a lot of sweets will he get a sweetheart?"

How 'Twas

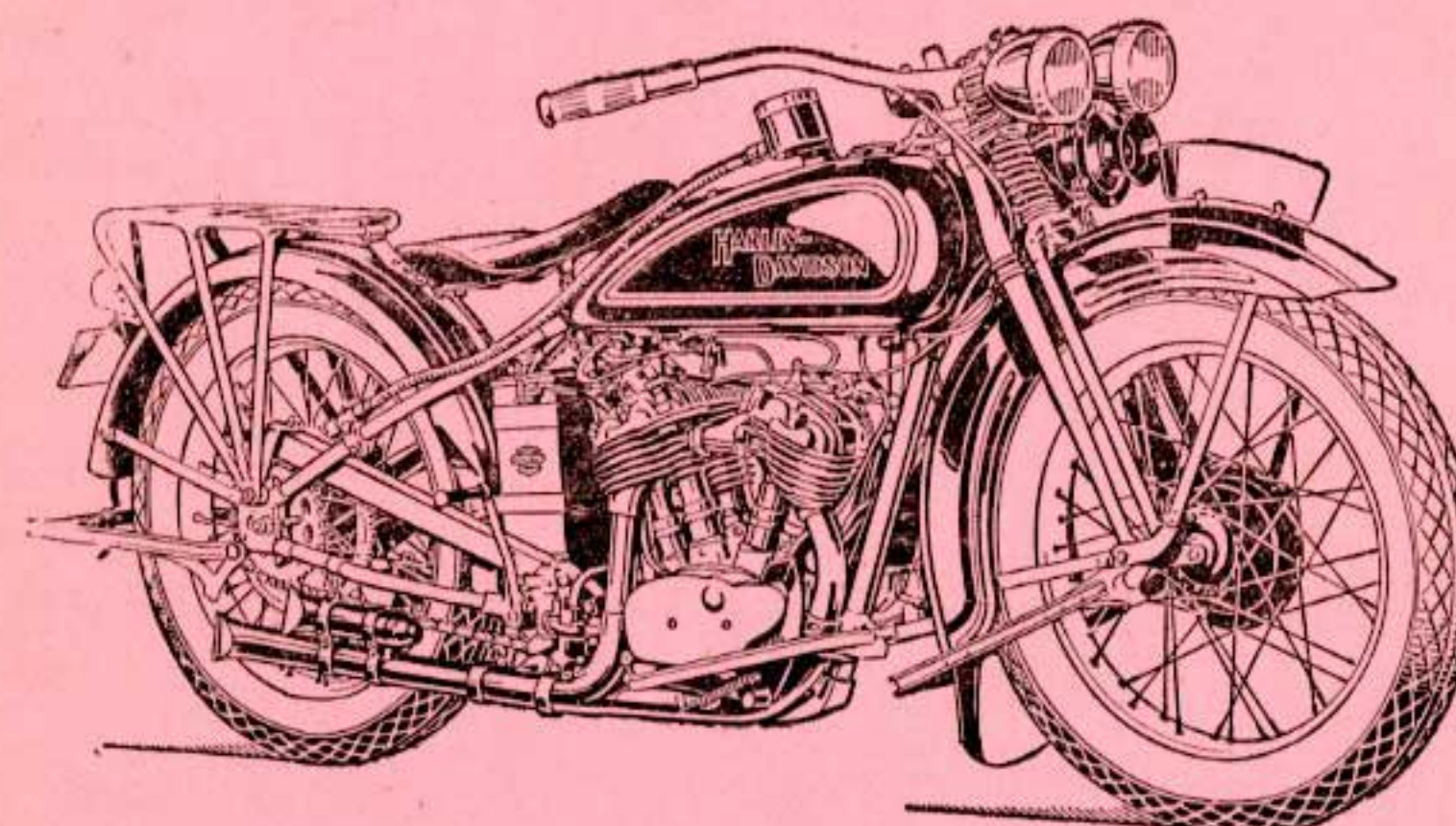
A duck and a frog and a skunk, so they say,
 Started for town to a circus one day;
 The frog and the duck paid the price and went in,
 But the skunk he went home without seeing a thing.
 The frog had a greenback and so was in luck—
 The showman accepted a bill from the duck—
 But poor Mr. Skunk, no ticket he had,
 For he'd only one scent, and that one was bad.

From "Help Wanted, Male":
 "All around plumber, willing to sleep on the job."

Now I lay me down to rest,
 Before I take tomorrow's test:
 If I should die before I wake,
 Thank Heaven, I'll have no test to take.

Teacher: Why did God give man a body?
 Hugo: So that Adam and Eve could eat the apple.

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TO THE OCEAN WAVES

I pray you, blue waves of the ocean
Tell me, what you do all day;
You never seem to stop your motion
To wash those shores away

When the angry winds are blowing,
You seem to foam and rage;
Every moment in fury growing,
A war you seem to wage.

When nature's calm then you unfurl
Your emerald form and roll
And kiss the sandy shores and twirl
Back in sweet caroll.

G. T. Otani '30

SUMMER EVE

The day's bright orb sinks from sight,
Behind the forms of yonder western hills.
As darkness falls from wings of night
The vesper bell the stillness fills.

On heaven's ocean vast and dark,
Its many tiny vessels leave
In twinkling light, their silvery mark;
'Tis a vision of a summer's eve.

Michael Ohno

GRADUATION

Somewhere in the distance,
A triangle in the high;
A group of outgoing geese,
Leaving their nest for the high.

They've never left their nest afore,
Until this very day;
What fate awaits these fledgling birds
As they fly upon their way?

The hunter's gun they've never heard
Nor enemies that lie in wait.
They've yet to learn of dangers
That might but seal their fate.

We too must leave the sheltering home
And face the problems known to life.
May He as thru this vale we roam,
Successful guide us in this strife.

H. Luther '29

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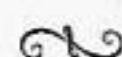


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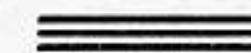
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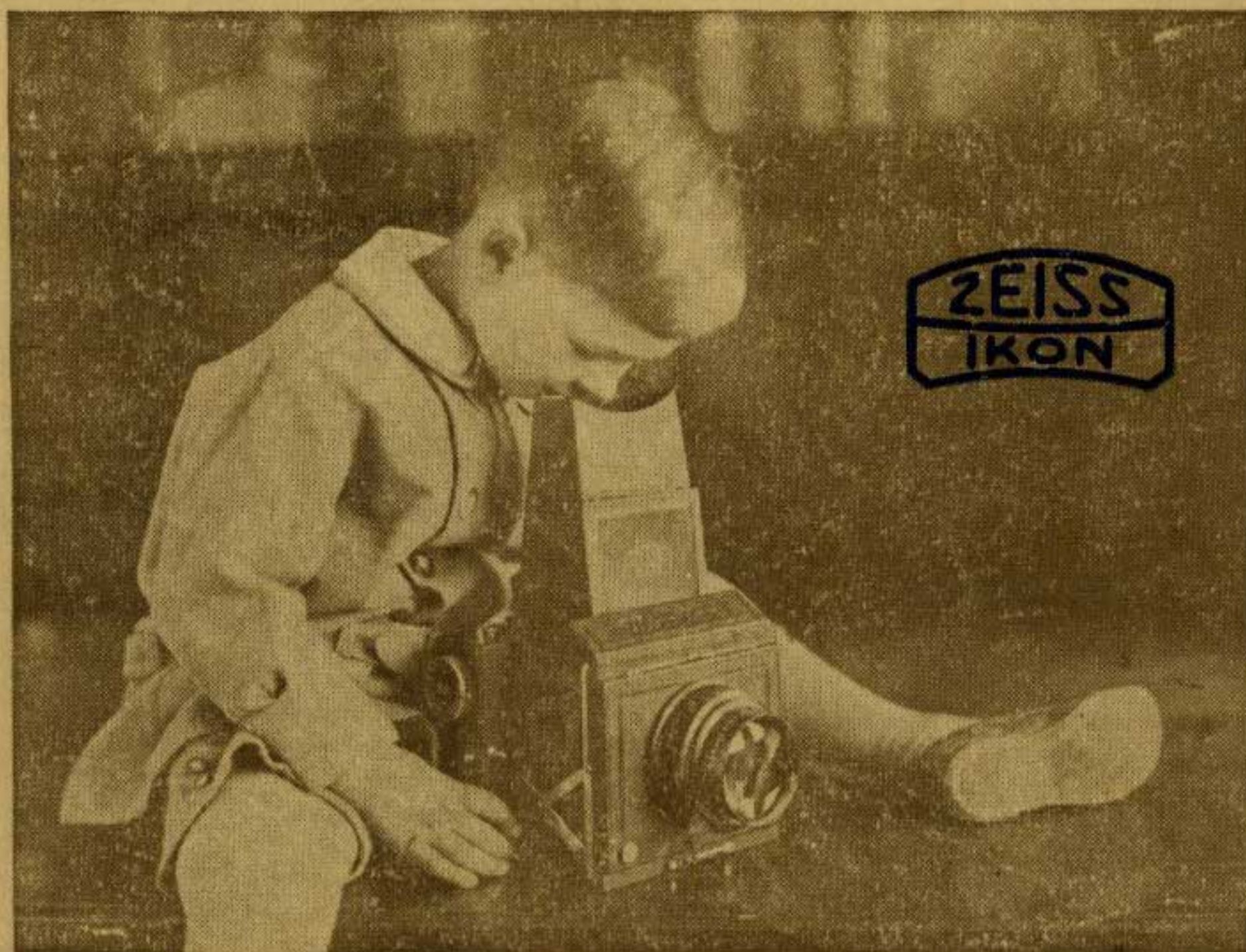
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